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LOVE, THE BETRAYER.

Lo! in a dream Love came to me and cried,
 "The summer dawn creeps over land and sea,
 The golden fields are ripe for harvest-tide,
 And the grape-gatherers climb the mountain-side;

The harvest joy is come, I wait for thee,
 Arise, come down, and follow, follow me."

And I arose, went down, and followed him;
 The reaper's song came ringing through the air,

Below, the morning mists grew pale and dim.
 And on the mountain ridge the sun's bright rim
 Rose swiftly, and the glorious dawn was there.

I followed, followed Love, I knew not where.

Through orange groves and orchard ways we went,

The cool fresh dew lay deep on grass and tree,

Above our heads the laden boughs were bent
 With weight of ripening fruit; the faint sweet scent

Of fragrant myrtles drifted up to me:
 Blindly, O Love, blindly I followed thee!

O Love, the morning shadows passed away
 From off the broad fair fields of waving wheat;

I followed thee, till in the full noon day

The weary women in the vineyards lay;

The tall field flowers drooped fading in the heat;

I followed thee with bruised and bleeding feet.

Upon the long white road the fierce sun shone,
 And on the distant town and wide waste plain,

O Love, I blindly, blindly followed on,
 Nor knew how sharp the way my feet had gone;

Nor knew I aught of shame or loss or pain,
 Nor knew I all my labor was in vain.

The sun sank down in silence o'er the land,
 The heavy shadows gathered deep and black;

Across the lonely waste of reeds and sand
 I followed Love; I could not touch his hand,

Nor see his hidden face, nor turn me back,
 Nor find again the far-off mountain track.

Blindly, O Love, blindly I followed thee:

The summer night lay on the silent plain,

And on the sleeping city and the sea;

The sound of rippling waves came up to me.

O Love, the dawn drew near; far off again
 The grey light gathered where the night had lain.

On through the quiet street Love passed and cried,

"The summer dawn creeps over land and sea;

Sweet is the summer and the harvest-tide;
 Awake, arise, Love waits for thee his bride."

And she arose and followed, followed thee,

O traitor Love! who hast forsaken me.

Cornhill Magazine.

U. A. T.

LOVE'S DAWN AND DEATH.

A YEAR ago for you, dear, and for me,
 Love was a new-born bright and fairy thing;
 It turned all earth to heaven, all grief to glee,
 We sighed for joy and sang for sorrowing
 In that sweet spring.

How could we guess that love would ere grow
 old,
 Who saw its infant hours run idly by?
 How could we know its kisses would grow cold
 Who kissed so oft? and how could you and I
 Dream love could die?

And yet for us love lives no more to-day,
 Though how it died not you nor I can tell;
 We only know its charm has passed away,
 That we can ne'er re-bind a broken spell,
 And so farewell!

The world is joyous in the golden June,
 The lark sings sweetly and the rose is red,
 Yet earth seems sad, the bird's song out of tune,
 And all the scent of summer flowers fled,
 Now love is dead.

Still hearts meet hearts and lips to lips are
 pressed,
 Still earth is fair and skies are bright and blue;
 Perchance it may be in some happier breast,
 Some soul that to another soul is true,
 Love lives anew.

Gentleman's Magazine.

G. V. K.

THE AULD ASH-TREE.

THERE grows an ash by my lone door,
 An' a' its boughs are buskit braw
 In fairest weeds o' simmer green,
 An' birds sit singing on them a':
 But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
 And o' your liltin' let me be;
 Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
 To weary me — to weary me!

There grows an ash by my lone door,
 An' a' its boughs are clad in snaw;
 The ice-drap hings at ilka twig,
 And sad the nor' wind soughs through a'.
 Oh, cease thy mane, thou nor'lan' wind,
 And o' thy wailin' let me be,
 Thou bringst deid winters frae their graves
 To weary me — to weary me!

Oh, I would fain forget them a',
 Remembert guid but deepens ill;
 As gleids o' licht, far seen by nicht,
 Mak the near mirk but mirker still.
 Thou silent be, thou dear auld tree,
 O' all thy voices let me be;
 They bring the deid years frae their graves
 To weary me — to weary me!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE reigns of the female sovereigns of England hold a remarkable position in our annals. Perhaps as a little compensation for the ill-treatment which their sex has always had in literature, it has so happened that the two great epochs under which letters have specially flourished in our country have been those of our two queen-regnants, in themselves as unlike as two human creatures could well be; and this, no doubt, is one reason why the ages of Elizabeth and Anne have always specially attracted the attention of men of letters. But it has not been literature alone that has given them importance. In both cases these epochs themselves were of the most critical character, full of the surgings of new elements, the struggles of new forces with the old, and the full tide of one and another of those great waves of mental energy which seem to rise and fall periodically among men, though without leaving any trace by which their recurrence can be calculated. Comets and eclipses have no longer any mystery for us. We know when they will come as well as we know when the omnibus will pass the corner of the street; but we do not know when the law of mental revolution will bring such constellations as those which adorned the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" into our firmament again, or vary them, as in the combinations which still make glorious, though with a less exuberant light, the age of Anne. We are afraid the days of Victoria will not shine with a similar lustre; but as we are not spectators, but actors in the drama at this present moment, we may leave that calculation to those who come after us. In the mean time, it is enough to mark how curious is the recurrence of these high tides of energy and genius in the race, and how little they are traceable to any conscious agencies, or come under any established laws. Why, for instance, to say nothing of the more ethereal soul of the poet, did military genius leap over more than half a century from Marlborough to Wellington? And why, oh

why, has no one appeared since worthy to hold the candle to those great soldiers? These are phenomena which do not enter into the theories of Mr. Darwin or the calculations of Mr. Galton. All other ebbings and flowings may be gauged and tabulated; but here is a kind of high and low tide, which is controlled by no moon, and foreseen by no astronomer. When it comes it awakens the world, if not directly to applause and admiration, at least to the struggle of new forces, and the exhilarating consciousness of life renewed. The general course of living is stimulated, and every drop of salt water in every wave rises so much the higher upon the beach, dashes with more exultant foam of storm upon the rocks. And those ages stand out upon the duller level with a freshening of interest, an inexhaustible dramatic call upon our sympathies. They detach themselves from the background in which the great concerns of the world are always lumbering on, more or less dully, and make us aware of what has been accomplished for good or for evil in the intervals. In Elizabeth's time the great passion of our modern national life was preparing; but the stream had only gained grandeur and force and nobility by that swelling of all its currents which preceded the catastrophe. In Anne's time chaos was subsiding once more, the torrents calming down into their channels, the streams collecting to fill the national veins. Or, to change the metaphor, these two great and wealthy epochs of history are like the banks between which a raging and tumultuous stream is making its furious way. From one eminence the clear-sighted spectator might foresee a national agony of troubles to come; and from the other could look back upon dangers miraculously overcome, and a passage accomplished for the ark of safety through storm and peril.

And even the most abstract of historians — the writers to whom men are not men but only officials in the long procession of events, kings and statesmen and generals, — must permit a certain personality to appear when a woman holds, even nominally, the chief place in the

historic scene. The group which surrounds Queen Anne is remarkable in various ways. It is not that she herself has, like her great predecessor, any touch of genius, or even of that intense and large individuality which often takes the place of genius, — to make her remarkable; but there is a curious mixture of the great and the paltry in her immediate circle, and in the influences that move that circle so wonderful a combination of motives and objects that are imperial in their vast importance, with impulses and babble which are scarcely superior to a housekeeper's room, — that the comic and the tragical, the familiar and the heroic, get mixed up in a way which never surely was seen before on so exalted a stage. The most conventional type of female government, the hackneyed devices of broad comedy, to show how intriguing waiting-maids can manage a stupid mistress, could not have been more perfectly realized than in this chapter of the great epic of English story; and yet the men pushed in and out of office by these abigails were such men as Marlborough and Bolingbroke, and the affairs of the nation came to no fatal break-down under their influence. This strange group at the head of affairs adds a whimsical element to the great tale which is in some respects so majestic and in others so trivial: and in conformity with this strange conjunction, the age itself sweeps along, — so great, so polished, so courtly; so mean, so rude, so brutal; so full of piety and simplicity, and the most depraved morals and the loudest vice; swearing like the coarsest trooper, yet writing like Addison, that the paradox is kept up throughout, and enters into every detail.

It is scarcely, however, the curious manifestations of character, or picturesque contrasts of national life, which so abound in the age of Anne, which have been Dr. John Hill Burton's* leading inducements to add this fine and full study of an epoch so important, to the valuable history of Scotland which we already owe to him,

and of which it is the natural corollary and conclusion. Though his work is full of lively and graphic touches, the reader is aware that it is not his custom to present a series of word-pictures in place of a sustained and serious narrative. Neither is there any fear that he will take refuge in the abundant gossip of the time, by way of amusing our minds, and withdrawing them from the great threads of meaning which traverse all, but which, amid the confusion of warp and weft, it is not always easy to keep hold upon. So far as Scotch affairs are concerned, it is, as we have said, the natural sequel of his great history. The Revolution Settlement, with which that valuable work concludes, important as it was, still left many points which were capable of being reopened. It was a kind of betrothal rather than marriage of two very different, in some particulars dissimilar and often jarring companions, neither of whom was much inclined to yield to the other, and for whose future accord and conjugal jogging on together, with no more than lawful bickering, very substantial pledges had to be taken. If the bridegroom was arrogant and overbearing, the bride was grim and fierce beyond the use even of mediæval heroines; and as in every betrothal there is always a possibility still of severance, so in this one there were moments when the silken leash was strained to its utmost, and one or the other ready to fling off the bondage, and stamp upon the uncompleted contract. The story of the concluding passages, and of the accomplished fact of the Union, is told more clearly and more fully in these pages than it has yet been told, with an indication of the vital points of difference, which only an authority at once in Scotch law and history could have so thoroughly mastered; and very interesting is the contrast and coupling of the two powers, who, the legal fetters once forged, have on the whole kept on their way with so much harmony, and as much mutual comprehension as perhaps was possible. This concluding chapter of the separate annals of his country Dr. Burton owed to us — and he has paid the debt thoroughly.

* A History of the Reign of Queen Anne. By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. 3 Vols. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

But even the Union, important as it is, is but one of the events in Queen Anne's reign, the great animating thought and inspiration of which were the Protestant succession,—a principle which made England at that period—notwithstanding all the difference of politics, lively enough and warlike at all times—more surely a unanimous nation than she had ever been. Nothing can show more clearly the profound distrust with which the Catholic creed had imbued the whole race than this passionate national sentiment. The great Protestant King William had lived and died unbeloved and unsympathetic; a great man, no doubt, but one who neither conciliated the prejudices nor attracted the affections of the country, which he on his side did not love; and the choice of the new line in which the crown was to descend, was one which must have wounded the beliefs and inclinations of many in a country where primogeniture has outlived all changes. Nor was there anything in the character of the house of Hanover to call forth national enthusiasm. The narrow mind, which so often goes with narrow possessions,—a strong nationality totally alien from our own (notwithstanding those strenuous relationships of race which were not discovered, or, at least, insisted upon, till long after), and manners which were neither charming in themselves nor capable of modification,—made the foreign elector, the "German lairdie," in his own person, a figure most unlikely to call forth any enthusiasm. Dr. Burton speaks of this contemptuous nickname as a proof of the popular misconception of the antiquity and importance of the house from which we sought our reigning line. But the six-and-thirty quarterings of Teutonic heraldry have never been impressive to the English intelligence, and we doubt whether the fullest understanding of them would have much changed the sentiment which suggested that felicitous title. Nobody knows better than our historian, or has more clearly pointed out, the intolerant insularism and contempt of other people, which is one of the great national characteristics of Englishmen; and a tremendous weight of pedigree overbal-

ancing a meagre estate, has always been a favorite object of derision: but this makes the extraordinary unanimity of the national sentiment only the more apparent. Whatever was to happen to the nation, one thing it was resolved should not happen. England might have a monarch she hated. Such a thing had been, and had been endured: but a Popish king she would not tolerate. Notwithstanding the existence of a by no means insignificant Jacobite party, and of a large class, which, without courage enough to be Jacobite, had romantic leanings that way, or a kind of fantastic sympathy with a fallen king and banished race, this feeling was so general that agitation, great and universal enough to be called unanimous, sprang up in a moment at any menace from St. Germain's, or any hint of interference from France. The English people were under the influence of a scare, as the French people have been in recent days. When a nation takes fright it is generally for no small matter, nor is the panic an easy thing to deal with. We indeed pretend to smile when we see the passionate terror of our neighbors across the Channel for the red ghost of revolution, of which they have so much better a knowledge than we have. But the same agony of fear confused men's judgments in Queen Anne's day, in respect to her possible successors. At the merest glimpse of a returning Stewart the country entirely lost its self-possession. And from the balance of power in Europe to the sermon of a popular preacher in St. Paul's, everything that could by the remotest construction lead towards this end, brought on a fit of that furious fear which is one of the most terrible of passions.

Dr. Burton keeps the action of this great national influence very clearly before us—not allowing himself to be led away as so many are by the exciting and brilliant details of the war itself to a forgetfulness of its great inspiration. Most of us, to tell the truth, recall only with an effort the reason why Blenheim was fought at all. We are as much at a loss as Southey's peasant children to remember "what good came of it at last," and "what they killed each other for." The war of

the Spanish succession—the question whether Philip of France or Charles of Austria should fill the vacant throne—does not seem a question to move the world, or above all, to carry British troops and British money into all the fastnesses of the Continent. But the preponderance of the house of Bourbon touched England with a far more vivid sense of danger then, than when, a hundred years later, Marlborough's great successor, Wellington, with one of these strange repetitions so common in history, once more confronted the encroaching power of France at the head of a great European resistance to the universal conqueror. Napoleon frightened us a little, too, with threats of an invasion; but the possible predominance of Louis XIV. over half a world, made England fly to her weapons with passionate alarm and determination. She saw as the conclusion, not only the distant danger of a too great monarch who should wear the united crowns of France and Spain, but of a Catholic crusade, which should bring back another Charles, with a train of priests, and all those principles of despotism which her soul scarcely loathed more than it loathed the paraphernalia of the mass. The present generation is apt to laugh at the balance of power; and probably, had the German conqueror of 1871 found it possible to *croquer* another kingdom or two in addition to the big morsel of Alsace-Lorraine, England would still have looked on with much tranquillity. But we have no Pretenders nowadays, any more than they had the principle of non-intervention in the old times.

This struggle for the firm establishment of the Protestant succession, of which the great wars of Marlborough were but one of the products, was the very soul of the reign of Anne. She was, almost more than any other sovereign, a mere tenant—no possessor of the throne. "*Après moi le déluge*," might have been said of her with as much reason, though happily less verification of the prophecy, than occurred in the case of her contemporary. And till the last moment of her life there were still a hundred chances that all the elaborate precautions of the great statesmen of the time, all the efforts of arms and outlay of blood and money, might prove of no avail, and the old struggle recommence again. To the determined stand made by the nation and its great leaders during this critical period, England owes it that the two romantic insurrections of 1715 and 1745—with

which it is impossible, on the other hand, not to feel a personal sympathy—have remained in the category of romantic and tragic episodes, and never really touched the substituted royalty which the country had deliberately chosen,—not a lovely, or dignified, or much-beloved substitution, but yet the choice of the nation, and justifying that choice.

But what an eventful and bustling life, forgetful, except by fits and starts, of any great national principle at all, though always ready to respond to any appeal in support of it, occupies the foreground behind which the lines of the national destiny were being worked so firmly into the great web! Did Marlborough himself mean much more than beating the French and winning every battle that lay in his way? Most of the statesmen who thus tenaciously and stoutly worked at the pulling down of the French power, and the keeping out of the Catholic line, had coquetted with both in their day; and it is almost impossible to tell how much meaning there was in the almost brutal determination with which the mass of the population backed up those helmsmen of the national bark, who guided the ship so strongly on one course, without ever banishing from their minds the possibility of having at a moment's notice to change to another. Perhaps the fact is, that the unreasoning force of popular prejudice, and strong and bitter resentment of national recollection against Rome and James, had, after all, more power in determining that course than all the convictions of the great steersmen, and that the mob really cared more for Protestant ascendancy than the ministers. But everybody cared for beating the French, whatever was to be the issue; that was an evident and glorious good, let the conclusions be what they might; and in the mean time, every kind of stirring business and pleasure was going on before the footlights, while the cannon roared in the middle distance, and, behind all, the leaders of the time watched and tested the completeness of the enemy's overthrow, the reasons that might occur for staying their hand, the silent change of the situation, procured in a moment, not by any great battle, but by a touch of Providence. Dr. Burton, though he has not fallen into the temptation of character-painting, has yet given due attention to the curious group which stands foremost on this crowded scene. On the whole he is very favorable to Marlborough. Fortunately the limited period which he treats in-

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cludes the best portion only of the great soldier's life; and the historian allows that it is "a satisfaction not to be responsible for an investigation and final estimate of his conduct throughout the twelve previous years." We will not go beyond our sphere by attempting investigations from which Dr. Burton is glad to be relieved. Marlborough's great love for his wife—who, remarkable woman as she undoubtedly was, must have been somewhat trying on occasions, but who never seems to have experienced anything but the utmost devotion from her husband—invests with a curious domestic halo the least peaceable figure of an age in which domestic virtue was certainly little prominent. The great general, with his head full of strategy and warlike contrivances, and the lives of thousands in his hands, who, having parted with his wife while she was angry, receives her "dear letter" of reconciliation with almost abject gratitude, declaring that till he received it his life was of no value, and he did not care what became of him, is at once whimsical and touching in his tenderness. We may quote, however, Dr. Burton's estimate of Marlborough under circumstances more greatly important in the full course of his splendid career.

Unlike most men of great firmness and reliance, Marlborough courted counsel and discussion. He could conduct it with absolute calmness and courtesy. On his own clear views of what was to be done it had no effect, but it gained him coadjutors; for he was, like Wolsey, fair-spoken and persuasive. His patience was inexhaustible. He was cautious, but his caution had its corrective in an unmatched promptitude of vision. He thus never committed a rash act, and he never missed an opportunity for striking an effective blow. His fertility in resources made him less amenable to disappointment when his favorite scheme was thwarted, than men of smaller resources, whose mind contains but one scheme at a time, and that being forbidden, are destitute of other resource, and helpless. To him, if one way were closed there was ever another opening. He felt secure in himself,—be the conditions that were to be wrought with what they might, he would bring out of them results which no other man could effect.

It would be difficult to name another man whose communications ranged through so many strata of social grade as his. They passed through the whole world of Europe, from the emperor, who was still by courtesy the chief of kings, through various grades of royalty into still more numerous grades of nobility, till they reach the riff-raff brought out of the dregs of the various nations by the

recruiter or the crimp. Having had the arduous duty of thus addressing men far above himself in rank, and of addressing in remonstrance, in rebuke, sometimes in menace, he knew and practised the maxim that a strict observance of etiquette in communication with superiors is the way to save the inferior man's self-respect and true position from invasion by the higher power. . . . Marlborough's dealing with the petty sovereignties owning these outlying contingents remains as a brilliant specimen of the firm and the conciliatory in the management of men. He is invariably courteous. Tendering advice or even objection is a favor. If he has to press hard, his tone is supplicatory rather than imperious, and there are no bounds to the merit and distinction he is prepared to concede to those who will give their invaluable co-operation to his next great project. . . . The most confidential of his communications [Dr. Burton adds in another place] were in the possession of his kinsman* in the English Treasury, who so faithfully supplied him with the equipments and material supplies for the great project. But even Godolphin knew not whither the army was ultimately to march; and, indeed, Marlborough himself did not know; but it was part of the flexible power that led him always to a victory, and never to a defeat, or even a failure, that he could change his purpose at a moment's warning when he examined the surrounding conditions. He was like the engineer among a vast apparatus of powerful machinery, who, by gently turning a handle in a disc, can change the direction in which his potent engineering works, or even utterly reverse the whole process.

This fine and splendid figure does not, however, push out of sight, though it might well do so, the homely royal pair—the queen, whose individuality Dr. Burton takes a little pains to note when he can, in all its modest manifestations, and the royal consort, who was so profoundly unlike the idea which, in these days, we have been enabled to form of what a royal consort might be. It is Lord Stanhope, we think, who says, with unusual humor, that if there was a duller person in the country than her Majesty herself, it was her Majesty's husband. And Dr. Burton affords us a glimpse of this harmless personage, so utterly insignificant and unimportant in the story of his wife's reign, which relieves the seriousness of the dignified group that held the fate of the country in its hands. "The one thing for which Prince George is chiefly known to the world," our historian says,

* We are somewhat at a loss to know why Dr. Burton should insist that Marlborough and Godolphin were kinsmen. The son of one married the daughter of the other; but this is merely family connection, not relationship.

"is the occasion when his monotonous stupidity prompted the solitary jest that twinkles through the gloomy career and character of King James; and it came at the gloomiest moment of his days, when his family and kindred were one by one deserting him." We are indebted, however, to another writer for the comical-rueful picture of poor "Est-il-possible," in which, out of the "monotonous stupidity" so well characterized, there breaks a dull reflection of the same kind of piteous humor. When the agitation against Occasional Conformity was at its height, Prince George, we are told, was sent to the House of Lords to vote for the bill abolishing it, which was strongly promoted by the High Church party. The dutiful husband did as he was told; but being himself only an Occasional Conformist, and keeping up his little Lutheran chapel for his own spiritual consolation, did it against the grain, and whispered to the leader of the opposition, "My heart is vid you," as he went into the orthodox lobby. Poor royal Dane! happy for him that he was not born to set right those times which were out of joint. "It is difficult to understand," Dr. Burton says, "how one not incapacitated by mental disease could have kept so entirely out of the notice of the world." Nothing can be more likely than that it was the entire want of support and backing-up from her husband which made Anne herself so dependent on her friends; and whatever we may think of the sentimentalities of their correspondence, there is something very touching in the forlorn queen's constant appeal to the sympathy and sustaining force of her high-spirited favorite—that imperious duchess, whom even Dr. Burton, like everybody else, treats with jocular familiarity as Sarah. Here is a specimen of the curious qualities inherent in names. If my Lady Marlborough's name had been Mary, would any of her numerous historians have ventured on such a familiar use of it? We think not.

The queen is fat, and not very dignified; but she is always simple and kind, at least until the jar comes. When the poor little Duke of Gloucester died, and Anne became childless, there is something in her adoption of the title "unfortunate" in her simple letters which goes to the reader's heart. A mother of many children, but childless, the wife of a harmless drone, separated from all her natural kindred, what was the simple soul to do but to surround herself with that little band of friends? When Marlborough's

only son died, she entreated to be allowed to go to them, protesting that only those who knew the same grief could comfort each other. In this, as in the heart of many a humble sufferer, lay the tragedy of her life. Otherwise there is nothing disagreeable in the little affectation of homely names which she adopted after the fashion of her time. She called the splendid pair who hold in history a position so much more brilliant than her own, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman; and Dutch William, her brother-in-law, was Mr. Caliban—a name in which a little faint fun combines with the domestic spitefulness which prevails in almost every coterie. "Poor unfortunate Morley" is not so clever as any of those fine people; but the roundabout, plump, motherly Majesty, who suggests the duchess's housekeeper rather than her sovereign, was by no means without color or character. Mrs. Freeman cares no more for the Church than for anything else that stands in her path; but the queen makes an unwavering stand for it, and takes her own way, with a mild determination which shows that there is nothing abject in her dependence on her friend. Dr. Burton's apology for Anne, and explanation of her position, is well worthy of the reader's attention, and treats the subject with a justice rarely awarded to her.

The growth of her friendships is touching in itself, as an effort to find something in the world dearer than greatness and power, and to enjoy a little of that simple life—so hard to be reached from the steps of the throne—where friends can confide their thoughts and aspirations to each other without their being trumpet-tongued by the unscrupulous favorites that haunt the steps of royalty. And if it was a weakness, it was grandly exercised—it gained for the recasting of Europe that one whose name is yet the greatest among warriors,—if we count in our estimate only those whose science and achievements we know with sufficient distinctness for comparison. It secured the greatest financial minister that ever ruled Britain.

And when the quarrel ensued which has pointed a foolish moral ever since about female squabbles and friendships, and Mrs. Masham (once more a woman unfortunate in her name—for who can refrain from making a jest about Abigail?) succeeded the duchess, the statesmen that waiting-woman brought in her train were respectable specimens of persons introduced by the back stairs. Had Queen Anne been surrounded by all the wisest sages in her empire, it is to be doubted

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whether she could have done much better than Marlborough and Godolphin, Harley and St. John; who, indeed, were anything but immaculate—but yet as unlike the pretty gentlemen of a chambermaid's favor as it is possible to conceive. So much should be said in favor of Queen Anne and her women. One or two things in her life show a fine liberality. Almost her first royal act was to give up a portion of her revenue—the “tenth and first-fruits,” originally intended as a papal tribute, but transferred to the crown at the Reformation—as a benefaction to the poor clergy, from whose livings it had been originally subtracted. Bishop Burnet claims the merit of this act, but it was one to which all his rhetoric could not move King William. Dr. Burton seems doubtful whether this gift has really benefited the Church; but we believe there are many recipients of “Queen Anne's bounty” who could satisfy him to the contrary. In any case, whether spoiled by maladministration or not, this royal giving up to the poor parish priest of the contribution originally intended for his own ecclesiastical superior, then swept into the revenues of the crown, was a seemly and gracious act. At a later period, when the country was drained by the expenses of the great war, the queen gave a very large contribution from her civil list for the public necessities.

This great war, which Marlborough's genius turned into one succession of victories, filled the greater part of the reign of Anne with the excitement and high tension of a conflict in which the national *prestige* was to all, and the national safety, in the opinion of many, deeply involved. Its nominal object, which was to prevent the elevation to the throne of Spain of Philip of Anjou, the second son of Louis XIV., putting in his place the archduke Charles, son of the emperor, was frustrated with that strangest and most solemn irony of fate which so often turns man's greatest efforts into confusion. According to the arbitration of war, all pronounced itself on the side of Charles, until, in a moment, death cleared the way for him to the imperial throne, making his accession to that of Spain as impossible as had been, at first, the candidature of the French prince whom Europe feared to see unite the crowns of France and Spain upon one head. Philip of Anjou, accordingly, at the end of all the prodigious efforts made to prevent it, ascended peaceably the Spanish throne; but not the less was the real object of the

war attained. The power of Louis was shaken to pieces. Only here and there a sagacious and far-seeing observer had yet divined that the power and splendor of France rested on a foundation of volcanic misery which, sooner or later, must come to a terrible explosion. And at the moment when Louis XIV.—moved, one cannot tell by what charitable temptation, what softening of the heart towards his unfortunate kinsman on his deathbed—appeared like a god by the bedside of the exiled and dying King James, and solemnly promised to recognize his son as king of Great Britain after him, nothing could be more magnificent than the position of France in Europe. Louis was *le Grand Monarque*, and his country *la grande nation*, beyond all rivalry or comparison. Successful in war, full of conquests, covered with glory, there seemed nothing that this triumphant country could not accomplish; and when Spain became the inheritance of a Bourbon, and the rich cities and strongholds of the Low Countries were occupied by French soldiers, no wonder that the wealthy Dutchmen, whose riches had tempted so many conquerors, should take fright. No less fright took England when the fine dramatic *tableau* of the godlike monarch appeared in that darkened room at St. Germain, carrying transport to the bosoms of the poor little mock court and all the busy conspirators. The great Louis was never concerned in a more fatal pageant. He had the first armies, the most scientific generals, in the world—and the science of arms had just taken a great leap, and so equipped itself with rules and systems, that its results could almost be determined beforehand, so clearly settled and ascertained was the order of its operations. But Marlborough was one of those for whom rules are not made. He used science when it suited him, and laughed at it in those cases where the inspiration of genius knew better. When he ought to have been working his way from step to step along the beaten path, he made a sudden blow at the heart, such as discomfited all the array against him, and shook the opposite forces for the moment into pieces.

Dr. Burton is very interesting and lucid in his description of the critical and momentous battle of Blenheim. It was far away from the border towns which the allied armies had been taking one by one, and with which the French had hoped they would continue to amuse themselves until France had swept across the unpre-

pared continent, and won a kind of empire of the world by mastering Vienna. But Marlborough could march more rapidly, and keep his own counsel better than the best of the generals against him. The reader will not look for those details here which Dr. Burton supplies so ably, but we may indicate the manner in which he treats them by the following account of the last act in that fierce and brief drama of battle. When the victory was gained, there was found to be a detachment of twelve thousand men shut up in the village of Blenheim, so crowded together, that action was almost impossible to them, their commander lost, and the entire forces of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, flushed with victory, in front of them.

They showed vigor and courage, but to no possible end. They attempted to make sorties, after the manner of invested garrisons; but there were essential differences that baffled such attempts at the outset. The fortress has outworks, within the protection of which sallying-parties can form so as to fall on the besiegers in battle array; and when it is necessary, they can again come within the shelter of the outworks. But the unfortunates in Blenheim could only run out in the vain hope of forming themselves in rank outside, and with the certainty of being immediately slain. It was a period of awful suspense to the assailants as well as the assailed, for the solemn question arose, Was the victor, according to the hard law of a soldier's duty, to do the worst he could against the enemy if that enemy continued obstinate? The whole of Marlborough's army surrounded the village, with not only the cannon originally in its possession, but those taken from the enemy. The troops in the village were so closely packed, that we hear of the small area of the churchyard affording relief to the pressure. Must the victor then pound the village in a cannonade, and crush the twelve thousand under its shattered houses?

This gloomy juncture is enlivened by an incident exemplifying the indomitable elasticity of the spirit of the Frenchman, and his instinct for the enjoyment of the mocking spirit of his intellect under the most tragic conditions. Two figures were seen to approach the doomed crowd. One was a French officer, the other in his uniform proclaimed himself an officer of rank in the British army. Was this latter a prisoner brought to them by one of themselves? Were they then able, at the conclusion of that disastrous day, to say they had made prisoner a British officer? Such was the tenor of the grim merriment in which the two were received. The British officer was Lord Orkney, accompanied by one of the French prisoners, to represent to his fellow-soldiers the hopelessness of their position, and to beseech them to surrender. It was a bitter alternative. The

true soldier, in the choice of his profession, has thrown his life as a stake that may be taken up at any time. He cannot accept the alternative of saving it by anything that has the faintest tinge of grudging it. Yet there may be occasions where one who has responsibility for many other lives as well as his own, may seek and find the more honorable alternative in the act that must preserve all; and such surely was the condition of those who consented to the surrender of the village of Blenheim. There is little doubt that the surrender was a mighty relief to Marlborough, looking to the horrible work that had to be done if the imprisoned mob continued defiant.

We are not quite sure that it is generous on the part of the historian to characterize this outburst of the wild gaiety of despair as a proof of the "mocking spirit" of the French intellect. Other men besides Frenchmen have given vent to that laugh of desperation in the face of death: indeed, supreme excitement as often takes that form of expression as any other. But the incident in any case is very striking. We need not dwell, however, on the record of victories which moved England to impassioned interest, and intoxicated her with national pride. There is nothing finer in the book than the manner in which Dr. Burton sets the great soldier before us — in the very spirit of Addison's fine lines, which he quotes more than once — like the great Angel of the Storm, "who drives the furious blast," while himself, "serene and calm" as the summer skies,

And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

While these thunders of war were bellying abroad, changes of still more vital importance were taking place at home. We need not pause upon the Sacheverell commotions, to which Dr. Burton gives two instructive chapters, testifying to elaborate research — though there is a great deal of the paradoxical interest which is characteristic of the time in the prosecution of the popular preacher for his enunciation of those doctrines of divine right which were as obnoxious to the whole large scope of English statesmanship as Louis XIV. himself and his predominance in Europe, though sympathized in both by the queen and the mob, the two extremes of society, — but will proceed at once to Dr. Burton's great central interest, the history of the Union, upon which he has put forth his full strength. It would be difficult to say too much of the thorough and exhaustive record which our historian

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has given us of all the principles involved. It is no mere chronicle of the squabbles of commissioners on one hand or the other, abortive meetings, lukewarmness on the English side, and angry petulance on the side of the Scots, as it might easily have been; but a clear and lucid account of all the hidden forces involved, such as requires the eye of a philosopher as well as a historian. When Queen Anne came to the throne, though her authority extended over a really unanimous people on both sides of the Tweed, wishing nothing better than such a legitimate compromise as was found in her natural rights, between the law of hereditary succession and the new institution of elective sovereignty, the two halves of the kingdom were yet two, separated by some real and important discordances of feeling, and by many bickerings and mutual offences, such as are too common among neighbors, and not unknown even in the closest circle of family life. A quarrel full of mutual aggravations and recriminations, nay, of absolute hostilities now and then, had been going on between them for years; and it had not yet become quite apparent, even to the wisest statesmen on either side, that—whatever might be the cost—these two must be made one or else break adrift altogether, an alternative forbidden at once by nature and by every true principle of policy. Throughout this quarrel Scotland had, we think (if it be not national partiality that affects our judgment), a stronger position and more reason in her resistance than England in her exactions. The cruel satisfaction with which—after refusing to the Scots any share in her commercial ventures, at a moment when the world was crazy on that subject—the richer and more powerful nation had looked on, nay, worse than looked on, at the ruin of Darien, had roused a furious sense of wrong in the Scottish bosom. Dr. Burton treats this burning question, still capable of rousing the wrath even of spectators so distant as ourselves, with great impartiality and calm; but he points out very clearly the determination of the Englishman to let nobody interfere with his trade—an impassioned yet sullen determination to which he clung in the face of every law and national motive more elevated than his profit and prejudice. Foreign intervention had been checked by the first Navigation Act, passed under the Protectorate, and aiming at the diminution of the Dutch trade,

which threatened to deprive England of the mastery of the seas, in which she took so much pride. And Scotland had been included within the protected circle upon the same terms as the rest of Great Britain, and only foreign powers were shut out. But though the union of the two crowns was a sort of general union of the two realms, there was really no feeling even of friendship between Scotch and English. The Scots, in spite of their subjection to the same sovereign, were practically looked upon as foreigners, and the second Navigation Act placed them upon the same footing in law as the subjects of other powers. From the passing of this act we have a continuous struggle, the Scots trying every means to induce, or even force, the English to yield them the much-coveted freedom of trade; while on the other side we find a stubborn resistance kept up until the two kingdoms seemed actually on the verge of war.

Monopoly was the great idea of the time in commercial matters; in fact few if any other considerations seem to have commended themselves to even the most sagacious of the statesmen of the day. Throughout the varied phases of the relations between England, Scotland, and Ireland, the ruling theory in the English mind is always the same, that the best, if not the only, way to make one State rich, is to make and keep its neighbors poor. The relations of England with the two other kingdoms which now form with her the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, were no doubt very different. The difference is declared clearly enough from the English point of view in the answer returned by the English commissioners in 1678 to the Scotch demand to be included in the privileges allowed to Ireland and Wales. This answer declares that Ireland is not only under one king with England, as Scotland, but belongs to, and is an appendix of, the crown of England: that laws made by the English Parliament are binding in Ireland, while those of the Irish Parliament require confirmation by the English Privy Council: finally, that the high officers of the crown have authority and jurisdiction in Ireland, "all which," it adds, "is quite otherwise in relation to Scotland." This difference is clearly shown subsequently, in the manner in which the theory of monopoly affected the measures taken by England towards Scotland and Ireland respectively.

The branch of trade which was in

Anne's reign exciting most attention in England was the woollen manufactory. Here the three kingdoms came into contact: the plains of England were not the only places in the island upon which sheep could be reared; large flocks might be, and were, kept on the rougher and more broken country in Scotland and Ireland, and wool was one of the most important productions of both these kingdoms. This, of course, in pursuance of the prevailing theory, had to be put down at once; but the method of proceeding adopted was not the same in the two cases. Scotland, as has been already pointed out, was in all but name an independent State. Its legislation could, indeed, to a certain extent, be stopped by the refusal of the royal assent to the measures passed by the Estates; but even this was anything but a reliable power, and had to be used with the greatest caution: while in no way could the Houses of the English Parliament legislate for the internal affairs of Scotland as they could for Ireland. The difference between the relations was, in short, practically the same as that between relations with a foreign power and those with a colony. They could and did prohibit the importation into England of Scotch wool, thus considerably injuring and discouraging the chief industry of the rival kingdom, and breaking off entirely negotiations for a union of Scotland and England, which at the time presented fair hopes of ultimate success; but with regard to the Irish competition they could do better still, and their proceedings in this direction were a most brilliant and instructive application of the ruling idea. Not only could the Irish trade to a great extent be crushed, but it might be made to help the English woollen manufactory. To this end all exportation to any foreign country—*i.e.*, to anywhere but England—of Irish wool in any shape whatever, was forbidden under heavy penalties; while, for its safe conveyance to English ports, a large staff of officers was established on either side of the Channel, who actually watched the wool from its being shorn to its delivery in a stated port. Indeed it would be almost laughable, had it not been the cause of so much distress, to trace the extent to which the great theory of monopoly was followed out in dealing with the unhappy Irish. In compensation to a certain extent for the suppression of the wool trade, the government determined to plant another industry in Ireland, and the linen trade

was chosen. Arbitrary though the alternative was, the newly introduced manufactory grew and flourished to a remarkable extent. The way in which its great success was welcomed in England is, however, a curiosity in history. Finding that it had got into the hands of a Scotch colony in the north, and was therefore not reaching the classes specially intended, it was proposed to remove the manufactory further towards the south of Ireland, so as to spread the industry over the whole country; but in discussing the question of a new grant for this, the commercial magnates are prevented from action by the fear that "if Ireland should fall into the making of fine linen, it would affect the trade of England." Such was the fear expressed by the Commissioners of the Board of Trade, and the mass of English merchants were of opinion that no further encouragement ought to be given to the Irish linen trade. It is difficult to imagine the real existence of so much ignorance and blindness as are here displayed. England had deprived Ireland of one trade in obedience to the mistaken principles of the age; she had implanted another to remedy the distress which she had caused, and at the moment when this substituted industry appeared to be on the point of accomplishing the object for which it was professedly instituted, the help and encouragement necessary to it were withheld. And the reason of this great stroke of policy was, that the new trade was tending to make Ireland rich and prosperous, to enable it to be a useful and self-supporting part of the kingdom, instead of a State ever oppressed with poverty and distress, and in need of assistance and relief from England!

Commercial tyranny of this kind was, however, safer as well as easier in the case of Ireland than in that of Scotland. The Irish might indeed be driven by distress to acts of lawlessness and violence, but the kingdom was in the power of the English crown absolutely, and could originate no really formidable reprisals. But the refusal of the Scotch demand was a matter of much greater importance. The Scots Estates were greatly exasperated by the determined refusal of their claims, and as union seemed impossible, the next best thing appeared to them to be a more thorough and complete separation. This feeling culminated in the famous Act of Security, by which it was enacted, that in case of the queen's dying without issue, the Parliament of Scotland should choose from the royal Protestant

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line a successor to the throne of Scotland, with the limitation that the person chosen should on no account be the appointed successor to the English throne, unless during the interval the two kingdoms should have come to satisfactory terms for the protection of the freedom, religion, and commerce of Scotland. The violent nature of this act clearly testifies to the depth of feeling excited in Scotland by the selfishly exclusive position taken up by the English government on the question of trade. Hitherto the two kingdoms, though practically independent in government, and widely separated in feelings, had been nominally united by the fact that they were both subject to one sovereign. But even this tie was now threatened. The Scots Parliament went to the utmost length that angry opposition could go. Not only did they leave themselves free to choose a different monarch, but bound themselves to do so. Thus all possibility of even a chance union was removed by the Act of Security, unless, or until the Scotch claims should be fully granted. So great in fact, was the feeling against England, that an act was also passed by the Scots Estates to encourage the importation into Scotland of French wines, etc., notwithstanding the fact that England and France were at war at the time.

Other events, of less importance in themselves, were tending at the same time to widen the breach between the two kingdoms. The Scots do not appear to have been fully alive to the surpassing merits and paramount importance of the system of monopoly, and they had made another claim besides that of free trade, which the English could not consistently allow. In an unlucky moment, fired with the speculative spirit of the times, the Scotch had established the well-known and ill-fated Darien Company to trade with Africa and the Indies. One of the stipulations made on their side during the negotiations for the Union, was that this company, reduced though it was by this time to the verge of ruin, should be continued, with the alternative, which was eventually adopted, of the purchase of the shares by England. Here, however, the old question came in again; there already existed in England the East India Company, which claimed the monopoly of the Indian trade, and no English commission could think of giving it a rival. This special point of the controversy introduces a whimsical incident into the tale. The Indian Company took the matter into its

own hands, and chancing to find in the Thames a vessel belonging to this presumptuous rival, gave the Scotch a hint of the power of their monopoly by seizing the vessel and its contents; nor could any Scotch claims obtain redress. Like the East India Company, the promoters of the Darien scheme determined to act for themselves, and soon got an opportunity for reprisals, when one morning an English vessel was found to have been driven into the Forth for shelter. It was suggested, and of course instantly believed, that here was a ship belonging to the great East India Company, and the Edinburgh folk flocked to see it, no objections being made by the crew. Among others, one day three boatloads of curious visitors came out, all of course perfect strangers to each other, and were received with great cordiality by the officers of the "Worcester," who little suspected that among them was no less a person than Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, secretary to the Darien Company, and burning for vengeance. His plans were well laid; and the boats which brought off his party, divided so as to attract less attention, contained good store of wine and spirits, a cargo which made his welcome certain. What Dr. Burton describes as "a thoroughly jovial revel" then took place; and when the party broke up, and Mr. Mackenzie was saying good-bye to the "Worcester" officers at the door of their cabin, he seized a moment when all his party were outside and all the officers inside the room, shut the door suddenly, and so had the officers as in a trap. The men, deprived of their leaders, were easily mastered, and the ship remained in the possession of the adventurous secretary and his friends. Here the story takes a tragical turn: it was soon discovered that the "Worcester" did not belong to the East India Company, as had been at first supposed; no one appeared to have any claim upon her except her crew, and the goods in her hold were not stowed away regularly, as for trade, but rather heaped up indiscriminately, in a way that excited suspicions of a less legal method of acquisition. These suspicions, strengthened by conversations overheard between the men, and by the startling news that one of the ships of the Darien Company had been captured and destroyed by pirates, soon ripened into certainties in the minds of the people; and Green, the captain, with thirteen others, were arrested, tried, and condemned for murder and piracy. The judgment was rash; for

after inquiries proved that the unfortunate vessel lost could not have been destroyed by the "Worcester." Yet the sentence was so far justifiable that the men were proved, two of them by their own confession, to be pirates and murderers, guilty in other cases, if not in this; and on the ground that a pirate is an enemy of the human race, his execution is always legal, given proof of the offence. Still they might all perhaps have escaped, had it not been made to a certain extent a national question. The seizing of the "Worcester" was in itself an act which England might well resent; and English influence was exerted to the utmost to prevent the decreed executions. But the feelings of the Scotch people were too strongly excited to be calmed without a sacrifice; and accordingly, in direct opposition to the wishes of the English government, Green and two of the crew were executed. Dr. Burton does not attempt to justify this act, blaming for it most justly the looseness of the Scotch criminal procedure; but at the same time he observes, with equal truth and force, that had almost any of the Continental powers captured Green in the pursuit of his calling, it would have been a case of torture to begin with, and, for all who escaped hanging, the galleys for life.

Another case in which matters at one time threatened to become serious was what is known as the "Scotch Plot," an attempt on the part of the well-known and unprincipled Simon Fraser of Lovat to gain prominence for himself, and vengeance upon some personal enemies, by a Jacobite rising in the Highlands, assisted by aid from France. The plot came to nothing, as any scheme based upon the raising of ten thousand men in the Highlands was sure to do; but it created great excitement in London, and did not tend to increase the confidence felt in the friendly dispositions of Scotland.

Meanwhile, while the two kingdoms were drifting further asunder every day, the English Parliament had produced its answer to the Scotch Act of Security. All must, by this time, have been alive to the fact that they had before them the alternative of either allowing the Scots to compete with them in trade, or entering upon a war which, though it could hardly be formidable, must of necessity be fraught with disastrous consequences to their trade for a time. And their answer to the valiant defiance of the Scots was a wise and well-considered measure. It

provided for the fortification of strong places in the north, and other warlike preparations, and further signified the readiness of the English to accept the separation of the realms, should it be forced on them, by declaring that, from a given time, every native of Scotland should be considered an alien, and debarred from the privileges of a natural-born English subject; while, at the same time, it offered hopes of settlement by giving the queen power to appoint commissioners for a treaty of union. The great merit of this answer lies in the manner in which, by showing equal readiness to accept either alternative, they cast back upon Scotland the responsibility of either holding to their ill-advised threats, which it is hard to believe can ever have been uttered except merely as threats, or, by consenting to treat for a union, making the trial whether these threats had produced their desired effect. The Estates adopted the latter course, and a commission was appointed; but hardly had they begun their meetings before it was made evident that England had determined to yield her point, and surrender to the bold front shown by the Scotch. How such a defiance as that of the Act of Security can have frightened England into so great concessions can only be explained on the supposition that the English statesmen who managed the affair were really more prudent and far-sighted men than their commercial theories would lead us to believe. Dr. Burton evidently thinks they were: he remarks of the Act of Security, —

It might be conjectured from the action of England at this juncture, that the sage Godolphin did not regret the formidable measures of Scotland, in some hope that the dread of war might frighten the great trading interests of England into compliance with the free-trade demands of Scotland.

The "sage Godolphin" must undoubtedly have been too sage to feel this dread of war himself, but the great trading interests must as undoubtedly have done so, as, from the first meeting of this commission, the behavior of England to Scotland is marked with the greatest courtesy and compliance. The question of trade is given up without a murmur; the terms of union are sent up to Scotland to be debated clause by clause in the Scots Estates before they are laid before the English Parliament; and, finally, when sent back from Scotland revised and remodelled, they are passed through the House of Commons without any discus-

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sion of detail. In March 1707 England and Scotland thus became one.

There were, of course, many differences between the forms and customs of the two kingdoms thus suddenly amalgamated. A doubt must have remained as to whether the proud and sensitive Scots would be willing to take their place in a Parliament regulated entirely by the traditions of the race so long in opposition. On this point, however, Scotland showed no deficiency of good sense, and returned the courtesy displayed in the matter by the other side, by a prompt and unresisting submission to the English forms of procedure. The Scottish historiographer-royal takes this opportunity of paying a noble tribute to the English Parliamentary forms:—

They stand not only unmatched but unapproached in efficiency, by any other public institution not copied from them, as a mechanism for collecting the predominating judgment of a popular assembly on any piece of business, whether of the simplest or the most complex character. . . . This noble organization may be counted as the collective trophies gained in the long contest between prerogative and privilege; and those who had the keeping of so precious a charge would not and dared not sacrifice a morsel of it.

Thus ended, to the peace and consolation of all concerned, a most irritating and difficult negotiation. The Union at first was bitterly unpopular in the north; but Dr. Burton, whose view throughout is more statesmanlike and philosophical than local, gives little space or importance to the hostility. Many circumstances of disturbance have occurred since; and perhaps there might have been, had the country been keen to take offence, a sufficient tale of neglects and slights to touch the pride of a people so tenacious. But Scotland has always taken the wiser and more dignified part. She has never shown any wish to be pitied, and has pursued her own way without sulking like a touchy dependent at every demonstration of English self-superiority. Any such suggestion as that which has so long kept Ireland aflame, for repeal of the bond which unites the two nations, would be received in Scotland with inextinguishable laughter. The two are, indeed, no longer two, notwithstanding a goodly remnant of prejudices and ignorance on both sides, but to all intents and purposes one people.

The only chapter in Dr. Burton's book which seems to us disappointing is the one which it was to be expected that an

experienced writer of his large cultivation and taste would have written with most zest—the chapter on literature. Perhaps the sense that the natural temptation would be to give this chapter special prominence, may have had something to do with the restriction of its limits. It is a subject which could not fail to fill the mind with a hundred images. The “Augustan Age,”—the time of polished prose and more polished verse,—a kind of revival of letters and reawakening of all the Muses—it is an odd piece of neglect to crowd all the superabundant wit of such a period into a corner, and give us a series of detached and by no means exhaustive notices instead of that brilliant story of a climax in literary art which we might have expected. For the age of Anne was not only rich, but also characteristic in the highest degree,—no repetition of what had gone before, but a new and striking development of intelligence, owning new influences and a changed standard of excellence. Whether we do, or do not, give in our personal adhesion to the “Popeish” reign of polished correctness, we are unable to deny its power; and when we reflect that Dr. Burton dedicates very nearly an entire chapter to the refugee Rapin and his history, we are more and more astonished at the limited space he allots to, and the hurried survey he gives of, the abounding literature of the time. He begins the record with a kind of apology. “The writings of Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Steele, with a large portion of the multitudinous works, small and great, contributed by Defoe, are among the living literature of the present age, and it would be a discourtesy to suppose that any reader required to be informed about them.” This is, no doubt, a most graceful way of eluding us, and it is hard to be severe upon an author who thus compliments our supposed intelligence with so courtly a bow, and an air of so much polite deference. But, as a matter of fact, it would be an equal discourtesy to suppose that any reader was unacquainted with Marlborough, whom, nevertheless, the historian sets before us in detail. And of all the striking aspects of the age of Anne, its literary development is perhaps the one which has most charm and interest. Records of wars, though exciting beyond measure when accompanied by the keen zest of contemporary interest, are not, as a rule, very attractive reading. We pounce upon every little human incident in the chronicle of strategy or carnage, and care

much less how the battle of Blenheim was won than about that tragic pause after it which Dr. Burton has so well described. And it requires a great deal of character and human interest in the combinations of great politicians to carry the ordinary reader through all the cabals and intrigues, the councils and debates of Parliamentary history; but the republic of letters has the gift of being always, or almost always, amusing. Perhaps the actors in that drama are not so much above the ordinary level of interest as are those who guide the affairs of the nation; their vicissitudes, their disappointments and successes, are personal, the sweetness of their fame is such as we can all appreciate, and in most cases involves much amusing revelation of themselves. They are the only class who stand as it were in the foreground of their works, and hand to us with human smiles their contribution, which is so much greater than that of any other class, to the elucidation of humanity. And there never was a time in which we were taken more completely into the confidence of our instructors than in the days of Queen Anne. They were not the most admirable, nor even the most blameless, of mankind; but they have nothing to hide from us, those wits of the coffee-houses, those fine moralists with their ruffles dabbled in ink and wine, those coarse thinkers and exquisite writers. Perhaps it is "The Spectator" more than anything else which has given us the sensation of actually walking about among them, seeing them hob and nob over their claret, hearing of their misfortunes and successes—a great man's ear gained, a dedication accepted, a place secured, which shall leave them free to rhyme; or else, more interesting still, an audience refused, and a careless patron set up forever in his folly and petty greatness to the admiration and ridicule of the world. And no doubt the accessibility of this wonderful literary panorama makes Dr. Burton less careful to give his own account of it. But we cannot help regretting this. "An acquaintance with 'The Spectator,'" has, we suspect, very much ceased to be "a quality in the possession of all young persons whose education was not neglected." It has dropped, like so many more edifying things, from the list of books which it is indispensable for a gentleman to know. That list, we rather think, has narrowed greatly, so far as English literature is concerned, in recent days; and certainly it does not include "The Spectator." And though the furni-

ture of Queen Anne's time has come into request, we are not aware that the contemporary literature has followed a similar rule.

What our historian really does, however, in this department, is to give us a few sketches of the great writers of the time, in which he is naturally hampered by the fact that all those great writers flourished beyond this limited period, and that the reign of Queen Anne embraced but a portion of their lives. Swift is the one of this distinguished company whose strange and gloomy figure is set most distinctly before us. He is not a favorite with the historian, nor are the extracts he makes from the letters to Stella of a kind to raise the great dean in the opinion of a reader unacquainted with him; but Dr. Burton is surely somewhat over-severe in his treatment of so remarkable a personage. All the license he grants to Swift's works is that, "although they are of a nature not to be palpably discussed in an age of decorum like the present, it is scarcely just that, flagrant as he chose to make them, they should be absolutely forgotten." Rabelais is more gross than Swift, yet Rabelais is quoted and gloated over by innumerable authorities, and holds the highest place as a classic, which, indeed, is also Swift's case. It was not a clean age, and much that is indispensable to our present ideas was not so much as thought of; but yet we doubt whether, in the existing condition of literature, we have any right to throw so murderous a stone. Swift's character and his works, however, are matters much too complex to be discussed in such contracted limits, and Dr. Burton treats them more as a man might do who was counselling a youth not to have anything to do with literature of this description, than as an impartial critic reviewing a great national writer. Our sympathies are so entirely with Dr. Burton, that we are the more bound to protest against a method which does not do justice either to the author or reader.

Addison and Steele are named, and no more, in the record, though Addison is the *fine fleur* of literature in Queen Anne's age, the most exquisite of workmen, and, notwithstanding Pope's tremendous invective, as irreproachable, perhaps, as his generation permitted. We cannot help being reminded of the fact that our historian has his hobbies like other men, and that we had met with him in the quaint researches of the "Book-Hunter" before we knew him in the wider field of history,

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

when we light, at intervals through these pages, and notably in the literary chapter, upon an unknown worthy, who might be Dr. Burton's own invention, so new is he to our ears at least. Tom Brown—not our learned Sir Thomas, of meditative memory, but an altogether individual person, unknown, Dr. Burton allows, even to ordinary English biographical dictionaries—is the new brother whom we find introduced, without much preface, head and shoulders, into the limited list of authors here noticed. As he is Dr. Burton's discovery, it is well that he should have all the credit of him.

There was another Thomas Brown busily writing and printing throughout our period—a genial being, who generally comes to the surface in the gossip of the day as “Tom Brown.” When the two are estimated with each other, the one might be likened to a solemn organ, the other to a flute, keen and melodious. Sir Thomas avowedly dealt with learned matters, but Tom appears to have been the greater scholar of the two. He was saturated with classicities, both Latin and Greek. He lets his reader see, with quaint innocent-like hints, that he sees some of the horrors hidden in classical literature. But he does not dwell on them as one like-minded—he rather lets it be seen that he sees it all and could enlarge on it if his taste induced or permitted him so to indulge. He has much to say about indecorums and immoralities, but he cannot be called an indecorous or immoral writer; and indeed he is apt to create surprise by the success that attends him in making the objects of his lash distinct, in language so inoffensive as he uses. He is a monument of purity if we set him beside the very reverend scorner who is believed by so many to give lustre to the literature of the age.

Among the considerable extracts which Dr. Burton gives from the works of this new-old master there is one passage quoted, in a note in the first volume, from this writer, which is very original at least, and, if it is to be relied upon, gives a new view of the position of the Dissenters and the Church in this age of transitions. Notwithstanding the various revelations on this subject which have all gone to convince the reader that a parson in Queen Anne's time was in every respect a very different man, and holding a very different rank, from that of the humblest curate nowadays, it is startling to be told of “the attractions of the Nonconforming interests in the eyes of a worldly-minded scholar selecting his lot as a pastor.” Tom Brown is more graphic in this contrast than in the other commentaries upon the age which are quoted from him. He

describes the disadvantages of the “poor, painful priest” with some humor, showing how he finds in his new parish “an old rotten house ready to fall,” tithes to be paid to the king, hospitality to be kept up,—“none of my parishioners to go from me with dry lips:” and that in the patron's house “it is two to one that there is an abigail who must be married;” whereas on the other side the attractions are represented as follows:—

Suppose me then in a congregation as their pastor, teacher, holder-forth—call it what you please. You must know that they will be a select number of people (not like your churches, a herd made up of a few sheep and a multitude of goats), most of them of the sweet female sex (whose kindness towards their spiritual pastors or teachers is never less than their zeal for what they teach them), scattered up and down here and there in several of your parishes. And for the better edification of these precious souls, it will be in my power to choose the place of my residence or abode; and if I do not choose a convenient place 'tis my own fault. Instead of an old rotten parsonage or vicarage house, I promise myself forty, fifty, or threescore good houses, where I shall be entertained with such fulness of delight, yea, and empire too (not like your pitiful curates or chaplains that must sneak to the groom or butler), that even the gentlemen that pretend to make gods of their landlords will be apt to envy me: and if I resolve to enter into the matrimonial state, I shall be strangely unfortunate if, instead of an abigail, I meet not with some opulent widow, or some tender-hearted virgin of no ordinary fortune. No obligation to hospitality will lie upon me, and I shall be troubled with few visitors but such as will bring their entertainment with them, if they send it not before them: I shall not be liable to pay one penny out of my income to bishops or chancellors, to church or poor—no, nor to the king and queen. And what a happiness, think you, will this be, to live under a government and enjoy so much good under its protection, and not part with one farthing towards the support of it.

If this is not very brilliant satire, it is still legitimate enough, and has some revelation in it of one or two characteristics of the time, which is the grand condition of satire,—the chief thing that gives it any attraction for posterity.

Defoe, Dr. Burton discusses chiefly in respect to his political writings, which, if the principle is a sound one, that these are “not to be found, like those of Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, in every gentleman's library,” and, therefore, have more need to be produced as new to the reader, is right enough. But Defoe's greatness lies so entirely in the marvel-

lous realism of his imagination, if we may use so paradoxical an expression, and his character in a political point of view is so little attractive, that we could have wished a different choice. It is no doubt true, as is well said by the last biographer of this strange genius, that his life was essentially that of a journalist and political writer, and that his fictions were but incidents in his career. But at this distance these are the incidents which tell. And the peculiarity of Defoe's imaginative works is, we think, specially characteristic of the time, which was not an age for abstractions or elevated fancy, but one which loved detail and that fiction with the air of fact in it of which Defoe was the supreme master. The imagination of Addison was of a loftier kind. It conceived an ideal character, while Defoe only created an imaginary man: but yet there is that resemblance between them which runs even through the portraits of a period, — a resemblance which, no doubt, has something to do with costume, yet is more than costume. Sir Roger de Coverley is such a noble gentleman as Defoe has no conception of. Yet he is set before us with all the tender skill of a miniature painter — line upon line, tint upon tint — his peruke, his ruffles, his old hall and servants, idealized only so far as the genius that created him was of a spiritual kind, and had called forth out of the unknown a noble and tender human being, superior to all his surroundings, before proceeding to set him bodily before us, among the fresh fields and old-world habits in which he lived. The details here are in just subjection to the beautiful ideal of humanity which makes the whole world more bright, — but yet the details are there, and though illuminated by a more lovely light of fancy, all is real in the soft landscape, every turn of the road and undulation of the soil painted for us, and even the very manners of the chairmen and shouts of the linkboys in Covent Garden, when our fine old gentleman comes to town. A painter could make a picture from nothing but these descriptions, — not perhaps so deadly exact as Hogarth, but full of visionary resemblance, and perhaps more true though less real. This is the literary tendency of the age. Memoirs, letters which are autobiographies, reported interviews, in which every word of every dialogue remains, and you know how many lackeys the suitor passed in the great man's ante-chambers and how many horses he had to his coach, if not how many ruts and

ditches on the way. Of this tendency Defoe was the typical example. He was the climax to which the art pushed itself through all its softer and broader processes. With Addison it was conjoined with the purest poetical inspiration; and Sterne, a little later, mingled it artfully with many other ingredients, the evil part of which should not make us forget that by times he also rose to a high and beautiful level of ideal conception. But Defoe, with his brilliant intellect and prosaic character, carried it to the most absolute development which art ever had. We do not know very much about the kind of man his Crusoe was — no ideal of him, nor of what he would do in other circumstances, could have formed itself in the mind of any reader; but we know himself where he stands, and could make his portrait, and map out the road, and find the shelf on which he kept his treasures. He is as real to us as our next neighbors. We see him go and come, and note all his industries and the cleverness of his inventions, and never ask ourselves for a moment whether any of these wonderful expedients are unlikely. How, indeed, can they be called unlikely, when we see them, and the need of them, and perceive how his resources meet the ever-increasing strain made upon them? It is the very triumph of fact turned into imagination — of the real taken possession of, moulded and leavened and worked out, pervaded by a creative force, but never losing its distinct and solid standing-ground. This man of fiction — this shipwrecked sailor — is, we repeat, as our next-door neighbor, whom we watch every day of our lives, and see in every particular of his existence, yet know nothing about. We could touch him and handle him did we stretch forth a finger, but we have never come to speech of him, nor do we know what is in his heart. The mental tendency of the time towards minute observation and lengthened record — the spirit which found so much interest in life that every turning of a corner was an event, and all the facts of existence memorable — reached its very furthest point in this great, curious, intense, and yet limited intellect, of which we feel sometimes inclined to doubt whether, notwithstanding its so vivid and extraordinary imaginative efforts, it possessed any imagination at all. Here, however, the remembrance of a work, to our own eyes much more striking and impressive than any of the others — the "Journal of the Plague" — comes before us and stops

our mouths. But even there, though the power of putting himself into a place and circumstances conceived by fancy is extraordinary, we are again confronted on every side by the real, and know very little, though more than Crusoe, of the man by whose side we walk, and through whose eyes we see.

Here, however, is the boundary-wall sharply marked, against which we can do no more than knock our heads, if any one of us should have the ambition of superseding Defoe. He has gone as far as man can go in the path he has chosen. Genius greater and more suggestive may diverge on all sides, but Defoe carries his art to the last limits of the possible. He is the perfect realization of fact in fiction, and absolute prose in imagination. He is a photographer, but of a scene that exists only in fancy; a printer, but with types that never were founded. How far this is from the highest art it is almost impossible to say, yet it is the climax of that realism which ran through all literary effort in his period, most perfect in skill, most bewildering in facsimile,—a sort of highly concentrated marketable essence of fact reproduced in fiction. So strongly was this the case, that when a real record of remote individual experiences dropped into the world without much information about its authorship, the very gravity of its truthfulness suggested to the critics that it must be the work of Defoe. He was thus the most perfect example of his age and its tendency in literature. It was an age of narrative, and he was narrative impersonified—the very genius of the material imagination.

It is amusing, however, to note, through the medium of some of these literary sketches, how very little merit was necessary, notwithstanding the existence of so many great writers, to gain a figure among the men of letters of Queen Anne. This is a reflection, perhaps, which every new generation makes. Not very long ago, we were startled and horrified to hear from one of the best of contemporary critics the audacious assertion that the world-renowned coterie of the *Edinburgh Review*, in place of being, as we devoutly supposed, brilliant men of genius all, and worthy to have invented the modern periodical, were not a bit better than their successors—nay, that magazine writers of the present day are as a class superior, both in what they have to say and the manner in which they say it, to those demigods. The

statement personally took away our breath, yet it is not without evidence in its favor. But when we turn to the examples given, for instance, of Gay, we can but reflect, with dismayed astonishment, that the writer of those feeble verses walked complacently about the world labelled poet, in the lifetime of Pope, and consorted with that master of expression on terms of easy equality as being, he too, a master of song. Contemporary eyes, we suppose, will continue to make these strange mistakes until the end of time.

Thus Dr. Burton places before us one of the most critical periods in our history,—an age full of corruption and meanness, yet likewise of such a bold and resolute stand upon a broad principle as has seldom been equalled either in its tenacity or its success; a reign full of petty cabals and backstairs intrigues, yet in which the best men were chosen for the offices they were most fit to fill, with as much discrimination as if wisdom herself, and not court-favor, had presided at their selection. It would have better suited the supposed logic of events that the husband of Duchess Sarah should have been a fool and an incapable person, instead of the greatest soldier and diplomatist of his times. But Providence was kind in this respect to the solitary queen and childless woman who was so little adapted for a crown, yet in whose period of sovereignty the English throne was settled so securely that all the deficiencies of the new dynasty, and all the romantic attractions of the old, failed to shake its equilibrium for a moment; and two nations full of jarring elements were happily made into one, and thus stood fast—and have stood fast ever since—against all assaults; and the English arms gained more than the barren glory which so often attends great victories, by subduing and rendering harmless the only antagonist who could have interfered with the internal peace and safety of the country. To set forth the great aims pursued through much personal pettiness, and a bewildering flutter of contemporary comment,—to show the energy and fulness and exuberant life of the period, and all it accomplished,—was no light task. Dr. Burton has fulfilled it with a breadth of philosophical discrimination, justice, and impartiality which the readers of his former works will indeed fully calculate upon, but which are rare qualities at a time when picturesque description has almost won the day among us over sound judgment and impartial truth.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

XII.

THE CATTLE-BUYER'S YARN.

"I WAS 'super' of a sheep-station up north two years ago, and had got along very well without having come into collision with the blacks. The station had been formed for about six years, and those who had taken it up and managed it before my time had been equally fortunate. Some of the neighbors had had men killed and sheep driven away, but we always escaped. We had grown so careless as to have given up carrying fire-arms about the head-station; and even the shepherds were in the habit of going unarmed, although living far away from each other.

"Having gone out one evening to count the sheep at one of the sheep-stations, I was surprised to come across a strange flock, evidently unsheltered, grazing, and scattered through the bush in the vicinity of the yard. On examining them, they proved to be a flock which had been sheltered by a man living with his wife and child at another hut eight or ten miles away.

"I guessed that something had gone wrong: the man had gone to sleep perhaps, and the flock had gradually fed away without his knowledge, and on awakening he had not been able to find them; or he had got separated in some silly way from his charge, and they having been sheltered at this sheep-station before, made their way back to their favorite old beat. The thought of blacks being on the run never entered my mind.

"As soon as I had counted the sheep and secured the strange flock in an empty yard, I started down the creek to the sheep-station hut where lived Donnelly, the shepherd of the wandering flock, with his wife and child. It was a calm, balmy, moonlit night, and as I rode through the silent bush no sound was heard save the mournful wailing shriek of the wild curlew as it rose, shriller and shriller, until, fading away, its plaintive cry was lost in the forest depths; or when, startlingly near, arose the prolonged howl of the dingo, echoed back again on all sides.

"There was something in the air as I approached the hut which caused my heart to sink. A foreboding of evil seized me, as I rode up to the little dwelling which looked so weird-like in the ghostly moonlight.

"Are you in, Donnelly?" I shouted.

"Oh!" said a feeble voice, inside; 'who are you?'

"Thompson. Don't you know me, Mrs. Donnelly?"

"Have you seen my husband?"

"My heart felt like a lump of lead. 'No,' I said, speaking as cheerfully as I could. 'Isn't he here?'

"I haven't seen him since Monday morning' (this was Thursday night), 'and oh, I fear—I fear——' Here her sobs interrupted her.

"I still sat on my horse outside, for the conversation was being conducted with the door barred.

"Did you hear or see anything to cause you alarm?" said I.

"No; nothing. Only on Sunday night—the last night I saw him—the dogs howled the whole night through; and I was frightened, and he kissed me, and told me no harm should befall me while he was near. I fear—oh, I do not know what I fear! A snake may have bitten him, or he may have had sunstroke, or perhaps blacks may have been around the house watching him depart on Monday. My dear, kind fellow!" Here she broke once more into a fit of weeping.

"Now, Mrs. Donnelly, you must hope for the best," said I, not knowing well what to say; for the woman was distracted with grief, and half maddened with the weary watching of these awful days. She knew not the way through the trackless bush and over the mountains to the head-station. Her only hope was to sit still and wait; but oh, the agony of that waiting!

"Oh, there is no hope, no hope! I knew it; I felt it when his sheep came home on Monday night without him, and the dog that loved him so brought them to the yard and went away; and she only came back to-day, wherever she has been. Oh, if she could only tell! I kept the sheep two days in the yard and then I turned them out up the creek, in the hopes that they might go back to their old run, and so give notice of something being wrong."

"Now, Mrs. Donnelly," said I, 'if you like I'll ride in for help and be out the first thing in the morning, and track and find your husband; or if you feel frightened, I'll just lie down here and go in the morning.'

"Don't wait," implored the poor creature. 'Oh, go at once; it will save time, perhaps his life! Oh, pray, go! Never mind me. I'm not afraid for myself.'

"Well, good-night, and God keep you," I uttered in a broken voice; for I'm hanged if the whole thing wasn't rather too much for me."

"No wonder," ejaculated his audience.

"Well, I pushed home that night and roused up the overseer, got fresh horses up and firearms cleaned and loaded. We took a man with us to shepherd poor Donnelly's flock, which we counted when we arrived at the yards. *They were seven short.* From that time I had little hope, although I said nothing.

"We called at the sheep-station hut, just to give the poor woman the comfort of knowing we were doing what we could. Then we searched until we found the tracks of the shepherd as he followed his flock out to pasture on that Monday morning. The sheep in coming home had, as their nature directs them, chosen a different route, so that the tracks were not obliterated. Slowly keeping on the track (for a man does not make much of a mark on hard ground, and we had no black boy), we followed until we came to a large river, into which the sheep-station creek emptied itself, considerably lower down. 'Ah,' thought I, 'they came here to drink. Yes, here's their camp: they camped here during the heat of the sun.' The tracks now led down to the bank of the river, where I lost them among the hard shingle and gravel. My companion and I searched carefully along the banks, but there were no tracks returning; then they led down to the water's edge, and there we lost them. The river was here broad and rocky; a waste mountainous country lay on the other side. There was no inducement for him to cross. Suddenly the overseer raising his head uttered a short ejaculation.

"'Found anything?' I asked quickly.

"Silently he pointed in the air. Words could have conveyed no more significance than that gesture. Circling on the air were numbers of carrion-kites, while others sat on trees, either gorged, or awaiting to commence a banquet of horror. What that meant my throbbing heart only too surely told me. A long island, clothed with thick vegetation, lay between us and the other shore; and it was above the furthest channel that the birds of evil omen flew.

"Hastily stripping, and tying up our horses, we grasped our revolvers and forded the first stream. We searched up and down the island, looking for what we feared to find. Nothing was to be seen. At last I cast my eyes on the other

stream. *Something* there was there. Yes—*something*. What is it? Is it a sheep? No. O God! now I see. It is a naked body, on its face, jammed in between the rocks, the poor stiff legs moving up and down with the rapid current. I cooeyed. The overseer came hastily. My face told him.

"'Where is it?' he breathed, in a fearful whisper.

"I pointed at the dreadful *it*.

"'The head! Look, it has no head!' he cried.

"I looked again. It was true. The bare neck-bone stood out several inches above where the flesh had been cut. Somehow I felt relieved. It was bad enough to have to view the swollen, festering, sun-blistered corpse, but at that moment I felt that to look on the sodden, water-bleached face, with the ghastly goggle eyes and tangled dripping locks, would have been more than I could stand.

"Well, we cleared out of that fast enough, you may depend. I sent my companion to bring in the woman to the head-station, while I myself rode off to despatch letters calling for the assistance of the native police. I then got a couple of more men, and taking a woollack and pick and shovel, we went back to give poor Donnelly Christian burial. We waded out and managed to slip some bagging under the corpse, and brought him ashore. Alas! he was shockingly mutilated. And there, on his left side, the little round hole too surely told where the deadly spear had penetrated. His head we could not find. We buried him under a river-oak of that darkly timbered island. And the dense underwood, amid which had lurked his savage slayers, now shelters the lonely grave where, unheeded by all save One, that disfigured clay lies."

"What became of the poor woman?" asked his hearers.

"The overseer brought her in. She received the news of her husband's death in a dull, stupid sort of manner, as if hearing without understanding. She had apparently lost all interest in life. She sat all day by herself, rocking to and fro, with the poor fatherless child clasped tightly to her bosom. We made a subscription for the poor creature, and sent her down to her friends, who lived in Sydney; but since then I have heard nothing of her."

"Now, then, have some more Hennessy," said Fitzgerald, pushing the brandy-bottle towards Thompson, "and

tell us how you got mixed up with the niggers; and after that I'll tell you of an adventure which befell me about three months ago."

XIII.

THE CATTLE-BUYER'S YARN, CONTINUED.

"I TOLD you that I had sent off for the native police," commenced the ex-super after a deep draught of "three-star," judiciously qualified, though by no means drowned, with water. "Well, they came after about a week had elapsed. I might have followed the trail myself, with some of our men: but in the first place, I feared that we were not strong enough for the natives, who were evidently in large numbers; and in the second, I could not be certain that my own men would not report the occurrence to government, in which case, supposing any of the wretches to have been knocked over, I would in all probability have had to stand my trial for murder.

"The detachment came at last, and although officers of police are supposed to allow no whites to accompany them, yet being well known to the sub-inspector in charge, he was only too glad of my company for a few days.

"The boys of the troop, on arriving at the spot where I had lost the tracks on the shingle, spread out, and their acute eyesight enabled them to read the characters on the earth as one would a printed book.

"'Here, Mahmy,' said one to his chief—'here that been cut him head off. You mil-mil (see) blood.'

"I shuddered. There, now that it was pointed out to me, on the very stone I had sat down on when stripping to search for the body, the blood-stains were plain. They spattered the dead leaves, and stained the grass-stalks.

"Well, we started on the tracks, overtook the retreating tribe, gave them a sound punishment, and returned home. Other duties soon effaced the memory of the affair, and we concluded that for some time at least nothing would be heard of the offending blacks. The season proved a very dry one, and I found myself obliged to erect temporary yards and huts on the very outskirts of the run, in order to make use of hitherto unoccupied ground. One station in particular I had caused to be built several miles up the river, beyond the spot now known as 'Donnelly's grave.' It was difficult of access. A short distance above that well-remembered spot,

the mountains closed so abruptly on both sides of the creek, that the only passage lay among the rough boulders and shingle of the river-bed. I had been up counting the sheep, and left the hut at dark on my road home. The distance before me was about sixteen miles. I rode along, my mind occupied with conjectures as to the best disposal of my sheep during the trying drought. The road now turned down into the river-bed, and picking his way the best he could, my horse cheerfully jogged on his homeward path. The mountains towered in shadowy gloom on either side above me as I rode along the side of the river, which, although considerably shrunk by reason of the summer droughts, churned and foamed as its rapid current forced its way through its rock-barred channel. Occasionally the track led through clumps of river-oak sapplings and bushes, emerging from which I could discover a bare patch of sand, and beyond that shadow. My horse knew the road, however, and I cared not; half my time was spent in similar lonely rides, and I was not nervous. I was getting mightily hungry, however, besides which, the mail-man was expected at the station, and I longed to read my home letters. My horse's shoes clattered against the stones as I stuck my spurs into his sides to urge him onward. A sudden turning in the road now showed me a number of small fires glowing ahead. But that they were stationary, I should have been inclined to think them caused by fireflies. On my left there were more. The sudden turning of the river had placed some in front and some behind, and hitherto the thick groves of flooded oak had hidden them from my sight. On my right frowned an overhanging crag. I drew my rein; perhaps (for blacks often chatter loudly in their camps) they had not heard me. I listened. Not a sound save the rushing, tumbling river-current. It was, after all, perhaps only the remains of a bush-fire. Some of the logs were still alight, and the night air had fanned the embers into a glow. Again I listened intently. If blacks really were in the camp, they must have heard me coming; no doubt they had barred the way ahead and behind. The broken river-channel forbade my trusting to flight. What should I do? Not three miles away lay poor Donnelly, their victim, in his cold grave of wet river-sand. What was his fate then, might be mine in a few minutes. I determined to keep still and wait for what might come up. Presently I heard bushes

rustling some distance behind, and the voice of a black fellow, uttering, in that strange tone in which the wild savage first pronounces English words, 'Boodgerree;' and again, 'Boodgerree, white fellow' (good, good white fellow). The sound startled me. They were here, and looking for me. I drew my pistol. Some of them should have daylight through them, I inwardly vowed, if it came to a final struggle. Now I heard their low, rapid utterances, in various excited tones, in front, behind, and above me,—the word 'white fellow' being repeated often. Escape was hopeless. There was one chance for life in the inconsistency of their behavior. I determined to put a bold face on the matter, appear at home, laugh and talk with them, and if the worst came, sell my life as dearly as possible. Accordingly I shouted, 'Hey! come on boodgerree you, my boys, come along!' and a great deal more nonsensical talk, which they could not have understood, but which served as well as anything else to show the confidence which I tried to gull them into believing I yet possessed. The effect was magical. A simultaneous shout came from those nearest. All around, in fifty different places, as many voices broke into an unintelligible jargon; while from the camp, the noise of women's voices could be heard as they shrilly inquired what was going on, and tendered advice or admonition.

"Knowing how useless it was to do anything else, I sat still on my horse, and in a few minutes was surrounded by a dense crowd of dark, savage-eyed, wild men, all fully armed with native weapons. More kept coming. There was a perfect Babel of sounds. The gloom was so great that I could only distinguish the dark moving figures and the long spears, or occasionally the glint of a pair of fierce glittering eyes, shining out of a paint-bedaubed visage. Now they felt me all over. On feeling the pistol, which I had returned to my belt, the man who discovered it said something to the others, who became still more excited. They now led me, still sitting on my horse, across a ford of the river to their camp. And now for the first time I could see the faces of my captors; and wild and devil-like they looked as the fires threw their light across them. Thick masses of curly black hair, low foreheads, short noses, large white teeth, and short beards on the upper lip and chin, seemed to strike me most; their eyes gleamed in the fire-blaze like burning coals. A tall man, looking at me ear-

nestly for some minutes, now commenced an animated harangue; pointed to me several times, then pointing up the river, imitated the sound of a gun being fired, pointed to himself, and finished by addressing me rapidly at great length. From his manner I guessed that he was friendly to me for some cause or other, why, I could not make out, but I determined to take advantage of the turn in my favor. My tall friend now made signs that I should dismount: this I did at once. I had made up my mind to trust my protector implicitly, and at any rate not to show fear. I was by no means easy, however, as my sable friend led me through the scattered fires, surrounded by a number of blacks, who, as far as I could guess, seemed to coincide with him in his views regarding me. Most of the mob had departed to the fires which appeared behind me when I first came upon the natives.

"I found that there were two camps at a distance of about two hundred yards apart, and my people belonged to the small camp. We now arrived at a fire which, from the signs made, I found was owned by the tall fellow with me. He made a series of gestures, by which I understood him to intimate that I was to partake of his hospitality. The only word of English he knew was 'white fellow.' This he repeated many times. Sometimes he pointed to me, then to himself, patted his breast and smiled; then he would point to the distant camp, and shake his head, and frown. Sometimes he pointed to himself, imitated the sound of a shot, pointed to my pistol, then up the river, then again to me, looking eagerly at me to see whether I comprehended him or not. I knew not what he meant, but I feigned to understand him, and nodded, smiled, patted him, and repeated the word 'boodgerree' two or three times. He at once caught up the word and pronounced it distinctly, and seemed much pleased. Things now seemed on a much more satisfactory footing. My entertainer produced some black-looking kangaroo meat, which he warmed on the hot ashes, then tearing off a piece with his strong teeth, he offered it to me. Knowing how necessary it was to keep up the terms of friendship, I accepted it with much cordiality, and though almost sick, managed to eat a portion of the dirty-looking food. A drink of honey and water was now offered me in a *coolie-man*, which I also politely accepted. After the repast a number of aboriginals

from the neighboring fires gathered around me, and from their language seemed to be making fun of me. One fellow especially seemed a great wit. The slightest word of his sufficed to set the others in a roar of laughter. Still it all seemed to be of a good-humored nature. Presently my tall acquaintance, pointing over to the other camp, made signs that there was a *corroborree* to be danced. I understood, and nodded. Then he gave me to understand that he and I would go together; to this I also assented. Soon after this a long, clear cry arose from the other camp like *pir-r-r-r-r-r*. A general movement now took place among the men and women of the camp in which I was. They gathered in a body, each one covered from head to foot in a 'possum-skin cloak. I arose with my host, who bestowed on me a cloak, and we took our places a little on one side of the rest. Another signal arose from the distant camp, and, as if in obedience to it, my neighbors commenced to march slowly forward towards whence the sound proceeded. Slowly, silently, solemnly they marched, their bodies bent almost double, which position my friend signed me to observe. There was something very unearthly in this phantom-like procession. The dusky, indistinct, muffled forms gliding noiselessly forward through the midnight woods, sometimes entirely lost in the shade of a large tree, and again emerging, to be lost again.

"Fears began to take possession of me. Why was this singular method of approaching the *corroborree* ground observed? I had heard of ceremonies of a dark and secret character being practised amongst those tribes at which no white man ever was present. Was such a one to take place now? Was my life only spared before that it might be sacrificed now? My blood began to curdle, and my flesh to creep. I thought of flying, forgetting for the moment the utter impossibility of getting away from the nimble-footed, sharp-eyed savages. My tall friend, however, seemed to divine my intentions, for he patted my breast, then pointed to himself assuringly, then to the large camp of natives which we were nearing, and shook his head, spitting with apparent disgust, and once more patted himself and me. I could not exactly tell what he was driving at, but it seemed to indicate friendly intentions towards myself, and that the other camp was occupied by a hostile tribe. This I afterwards learnt was the case. We had approached with-

in about a dozen yards of the dim fires towards which we had been making our way, when a similar signal to that already given was uttered by some one in the other camp. Upon this my companions, still retaining their bent position, turned their faces towards their own camp, and remained waiting, and of course I followed their example. Another cry succeeded, and almost immediately a bright blaze followed, illuminating the dark woods in a ruddy circle. Flinging off their coverings, and turning simultaneously round, the crowd of blacks about me gave vent to a general deep 'Ah!' of wonder and surprise, not unmingled with a superstitious fear.

"I understood it all now. The tribe were being initiated in a *corroborree* they had never seen before. At the same time it commenced. A half-circle of fires burned brightly in front of us. Between us and the fires were seated rows of women, across whose knees were lightly stretched their 'possum cloaks. They held boomerangs in their hands, which they beat together as they sang, keeping the most exact time, occasionally varying the accompaniment by beating on the skins, producing a drumlike noise. On the far side of the fire a row of forked stakes had been driven into the ground, and poles laid on the forks, about six feet above the ground. About twenty savages, painted in the most grotesque fashion, were seated all along this rail. Their long hair was tied tightly in a knot on the top of their heads, from the middle of which rose a tuft of cockatoo crests. The soft white down from the breast of the same bird clung to their eyebrows, moustaches, and beards. A red fillet passed round the forehead and encircled the head. Their bodies were painted with pipeclay to imitate skeletons. Boomerangs, stone tomahawks, and knives hung from their girdles. Holding their elbows close to their sides, they moved their forearms and hands in a segment of a circle from their waist to their ears, first the right, then the left, in time to the barbarous chant. Beyond these, the chief figures in the assembly, stood a dense crowd of fierce-eyed sable warriors leaning on their spears. Looking round, I found that the men of my party had assumed the same attitude, while the women had taken up a position a little apart.

"In spite of the feeling of insecurity and alarm with which my position filled me,—for I knew that all present would think nothing of knocking me on the

head if the whim seized them,—I felt rather amused at the absurd climax of their preparations, and its monotony soon got tiresome to themselves. Jumping down from their perch, the painted savages cleared away their posts and rails, and commenced one of the usual *corroboree* dances of the country, in which they were joined by many others, who had taken no part in the first performance.

"My tall friend, spreading his rug on the ground, planted a spear at each corner and sat down, motioning me to take a place beside him—all the others following his example. The dance was now most vigorously prosecuted, and it carried with it a certain amount of dramatic effect. Issuing from the dark background of solemn gloom, the mass of vague dusky shadows danced their way in to the circle illumined by the fire, their hands held in front of their breast, after the manner of kangaroos, their bodies bent, and their feet stamping. As they got nearer the fires which divided them from the orchestra, the singing and dancing became more energetic, till at last a brilliant blaze having been produced, by means of dry leaves kept on purpose, the whole culminated in much stamping, quivering of legs, and shaking of heads, winding up with an almost instantaneous disappearance of the whole party into surrounding darkness. This was repeated for hours, and I thought they never would leave off. At last all seemed to weary, and my tall friend and his followers returned to their own ground, taking me with them. Here I found my horse ready. After a good deal more of talk, and many gestures, he signified that I might go. I stripped myself almost naked in making presents. Then seizing his weapons, he called on a friend to accompany him, and both came with me as an escort. I had little difficulty in persuading them to proceed all the way; and they were so much pleased with their treatment that they asked permission to bring their tribe in, which they did, and we had no more difficulties afterwards."

"That was a capital fellow, that long nigger," said Fitzgerald. "Did you ever find out why he took a fancy to you?"

"Oh," said Thompson, laughing, "that was all a mistake on his part. It seems that when up the river in pursuit of the tribe which killed poor Donnelly, he happened to be among the crowd we attacked. He had hidden himself under a log upon which I had taken up my position. He said that I kept looking at him, but

allowed him to escape, and it was in gratitude for this supposed service that he saved my life."

"Then you did not know that he was under the log?" asked John.

"Not I," returned the other. "It would, I am afraid, have been a bad day for both of us had I done so. And now, Fitzgerald, give us your yarn."

"It's getting late," the young man said, "and you know we must be up early; but the story is a short one." So saying, he narrated as follows.

"I suppose you know that I'm a beak—I mean, that I'm on the Commission of the Peace. I was appointed about two years and a half ago. Shortly after my appointment I was over in the little township of Yering, not far from here, and a desperate row occurred between two men. One of them seizing an axe struck the other on the head, causing instantaneous death. I happened to be near the scene of the fatal struggle, and made one to seize the murderer; and being very zealous in the discharge of my duties, like most young hands, made myself perhaps too officious in the matter. At any rate, on leaving the court, after committal for trial by my brother magistrates and myself, the murderer vowed to be revenged on me for the share which I had taken in the business. I thought nothing more of it, and time passed on. About four months ago I was obliged to start from here up north on some business connected with a station belonging to my father. It had been only recently formed, and the natives had the reputation of being very treacherous in the district. My business led me to a neighboring station, and as I believed that the way by the road was very much longer than the actual distance as the crow flies, I determined to hit out straight across the bush. It was nearly dinner-time when I set out, and I had about forty miles to go. I had gone about twenty miles, when I got into a nasty, intricate country, with a good deal of thick scrub, in which I got entangled, and it was a couple of hours after dark before I got clear. I now pushed on as well as I could in the dark, but got so very sleepy that I had made up my mind to lie down until morning, when the sound of voices made me prick up my ears, and on moving forward a little, found myself close to a large camp of niggers. Well, I was luckier than you, Thompson, for I managed to get away without their hearing me, and I pushed on, for sleep had fled. I had gone about

ten miles further when my horse struck into a little path, and the smell of sheep convinced me that I was near some sheep-station hut, or *bark gunyah*. Dogs now barked furiously, and a man shouted, which I immediately answered. I rode up, unsaddled and hobbled my horse, and walked in.

"Who do you think the man was? It was my friend the homicide. The meeting was startling to both. The wild look of the man, with his gun in his hand (he had seized it on hearing the noise made by the dogs), at first led me to believe that he meant to fulfil his vows of vengeance; but suddenly flinging it into a corner, he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and wept. When he grew calmer he told me that he had been sentenced to nearly two years' imprisonment, and had come straight here from prison; but he begged my forgiveness, and said I had only done my duty. I camped with him that night, and next morning made the station."

"By Jove!" said John, "I think it must have been horrid to meet that fellow in such a lonely place."

"Well, yes, I didn't like it," returned his friend.

The party now separated to obtain some sleep before the arduous work of mustering commenced.

XIV.

MUSTERING FATS FOR THE BUTCHER.— DRAFTING ON THE CAMP.

THE dawn was barely visible when our hero was awakened by hearing a sound of conversation near him. It was Fitzgerald giving orders to one of the black boys.

"Horses in the yard, Peter?"

"Yohi."

"Bugler and Gaylad in?"

"Yohi."

"All right. Take down my bridle and the bridle which belongs to that gentleman who came with me last night, and send them up."

"Yohi, Missa Fitzgell. Me ride 'im, Charcoal? That fellow boodgereee kallopp."

"Very well; and tell one of the other boys to catch Forrester for Mr. Thompson."

John now jumped out of bed, and hurrying on his things, made his way outside. The sun had not risen, but everybody was astir. Black boys were bringing up horses from a yard in the paddock, into

which they had all been driven. Breakfast was being carried in, and every one was preparing for the day's work. After a hasty meal was disposed of, the horses were saddled. The little court in front of the houses was crowded with horses awaiting their riders. The party consisted of Fitzgerald, Thompson, West, two white stockmen, one of whom was Fitzgerald's lad Tommy. Besides these and their horses, Mr. Williams's saddle and pack horse swelled the number.

A general mount was now effected, and, bidding good-by to his entertainer, Williams started on his way down country.

"Now, Tommy," said Fitzgerald, speaking to the youth just mentioned, "we are going to divide. You, with Mr. Thompson and Billy Barlow, can go up to the Peaks, then start down, bringing all you see worth taking along with you. Send Billy over to Oakey Creek, and let him meet you down at Plumtree Camp. You can clean out the middle branch of the station creek, and then bring all you find down to the main camp, where you will find us."

These directions, which, perhaps, may seem unintelligible to the general reader, referred to the manner in which the young squatter proposed to gather together the cattle among which he expected to collect the bullocks he required.

The two parties now separated—Fitzgerald with his assistants to examine the southern branch of the main creek, together with the country lying between the many tributaries which flowed into it; while the others were to direct their attention to the opposite side and the surrounding country. It was most exhilarating riding along in the cool morning air. How pleasant the fresh smell of the grass! Now they pass through a small patch of brigalow scrub. Some one has split a piece from the trunk of a small tree. What a scent the dark-grained wood has! What numbers of wallabies! They start out in every direction, and flying across the path swiftly disappear. We are in grass once more. Whirr-r-r—a covey of quail start from under the horses' feet, fly a short distance, and alight on the thick grass. There are some cattle standing in their camp on a small patch of scrub. We don't want them, however—we can get them any day. Here is one standing by himself. It is a two-year-old steer—a white one. He stands perfectly still; his hanging head and tucked-up body betray his want of health. As we ride past he shows the

whole of his eye; and, gathering up his strength, he gives a deep, hollow cough which rakes his whole frame. "Pleura," said Fitzgerald, reading John's inquiring glance; "we always have it more or less on the run."

"Does it not carry off immense numbers of cattle?"

"Well, it has done so; but for some years past we find its ravages have been nothing to speak of. A great deal has been written on the subject. Some have proposed preventing the attacks of the disease by inoculation; others, again, laugh at the idea. For my part, I am convinced that pleura lurks in every herd in the country, and that it only wants favorable conditions to make its appearance."

"What are these conditions?" asked John.

"Much knocking about invariably produces it; for instance, it often breaks out amongst cattle on a long journey, or that have been herded long. It is also much more severe among cattle feeding on rich, swampy pastures than on the high, hilly stations. Besides which, there is no doubt, I think, that it is both contagious and infectious, and, of course, some constitutions have a hereditary tendency to it."

Now they emerge on a plain bounded by scrub, with openings between the patches, and vistas of plains and more scrub in the distance. On the plain, about half a mile away on the right, a large herd of cattle are scattered, gently feeding towards their camp. What a delightful spot for a gallop! How fresh the horses are! Gay-lad feels as if he could devour the space between him and that beautiful blue chain whose distant peaks glitter in the morning sunshine. "Way horse: steady, Gay-lad, you'll have your work to do by-and-by." See, there is a plain turkey, quite close; he walks steadily along, keeping his head up and his eye fixed on us. He is quite within shot. There, there, unobserved before, but almost under your horse's feet, is his mate. Startled by the horses, she quickens her pace, breaks into a run, opens her large wings, beats the air two or three times, and rising, wings her way heavily off, followed almost immediately by her companion, uttering a kind of hoarse croak. There they light again, not a quarter of a mile away. Now we come to a watercourse. It is a succession of longish holes filled with clear water. Trees, with drooping branches like willows, fringe its sides. The broad leaf of the lotus, amid which rises here

and there the beautiful flower, floats on the surface. Look at the wild ducks swimming in twos and threes. Stay for one instant. There, on that broad lotus-leaf, two or three little mites of wild ducklings are sitting. Their mother, with the rest of the family, is floating calmly beside them. Her quick eye notes us; she moves away, her little brood following. Now those on the leaf plunge in and swim bravely after her, shaking their little tails. The other ducks, catching the alarm, at once detect the cause. A sudden splash, a few frightened quacks, and away they fly, the water dripping brightly from their webbed feet as they rise, with the sunlight glinting on their dark-brown bodies and blue and bronze wings. There they go, out of sight in a minute. The mother and her brood have vanished in the same instant. You may search, but you will not find them. The little things understand diving as well as their mother, and the banks of the creek are one mass of sedges and long grass. Watch, here come the ducks back again. High in the air they approach, following the course of the creek with the rapidity of lightning. Here they come, right overhead; a confused whizz denotes the speed they are travelling at, and down the watercourse they take their way to alight in some undisturbed spot.

As you leave the water, pigeons of all kinds, from the strong, beautiful bronze-wing to the gentle squatter and little dove, fly from under your horse's feet, with strong, rapid-flapping noise, or sit crouching on the ground, humbly hoping that their insignificance and homely plumage will not attract attention. A white crane, and a few dark-feathered water-hens, at the far end of the water-hole, seeing you moving conclude to stay. Here is the half-dried carcass of a beast. It died here on the camp near the water. Whew, what a smell! Any one who wants more than one whiff of that is a glutton. Look at that "booming 'guana!" He has been feeding sumptuously on the carrion. He is watching us with his "glittering eye," his head up, his viscous tongue darting out now and then like a serpent's fangs. He knows we are observing him; off he scuttles at an incredibly swift pace, making for that big iron-bark tree. Gallop after; hit him with your whip. Ah, you are too late! he has reached it before you; he is away up lying flat on a high branch. You can just see the end of his tapered tail hanging over, or his head, the tongue still striking venomously. Now

we emerge on still larger downs, dotted prettily with cotton-bush. Cattle-tracks converge from all points to the water. They are quite narrow, like little foot-paths. The ground bears on its surface the impressions of many feet. You cannot find a foot square without the point of a hoof of some age or another. The grass must be sweet here, the cattle keep it cropped down so closely. That long line of tall, white-stemmed gum-trees marks the banks of the main creek; here is the junction of the southern and northern branches. We must cross and follow up this branch next us. Yonder is a mob of cattle; they are not so quiet as those we have already seen. Two or three old cows nearer us than the others lift their heads, smelling our approach. They turn and run. The old brutes, they know quite well what it is to be rounded up; they have been hundreds of times in the yard; it is all roguery. Now some of the rest notice them running, they run also; had the old cows remained quiet the others would have been stationary too. Now they are making off in a body. Sam, the white stockman with the party, and Peter the black fellow, mounted on Charcoal, spur after them, get in front, and heading them, bring them to a standstill. There are a dozen nice bullocks in the mob. After making them stand a little to cool them, Peter is sent to take them over the river to a camp, to be picked up by the party on their return down the other side. The party divide once more in two. Sam and Peter go one way; John still remains with his friend, and they have two or three exciting gallops after different mobs. Gaylad is sweating now. What a little stunner he is! It will not be his fault if the cattle get away. He watches their every movement with a personal interest. Fitzgerald and John have got a good mob together. They have taken them across the creek, and are bringing them down the other side to pick up the cattle on the camps there. The bullocks and steers and heifers go along without much trouble; but some of those old cows with calves try all sorts of dodges to get away. They fear that we are mustering for branding. It will come soon enough. Let us get through with these fat cattle, then we shall set to work branding. There, that cunning old wretch of a cow has managed to slip away with her calf, and she is making off for some scrub in the distance. Now, Gaylad; now, boy, fetch her back. Indeed Gaylad wants no bidding, but is flying over the ground at

his best. Now he reaches the cow and her calf, a good, strong, six-months-old bull. She swerves away as the horse approaches. Now is your time, John; close on her, turn her, keep her head to the mob; give her a cut or two with your whip, and she will be amongst them once more. Ah! you do not know how to manage your rein; your bridle-hand is fumbling with it; it is too loose; your whip is in your way. Gaylad flies past the cow about twenty yards; she once more makes off in her own direction. Once more John charges her with the same result, only that this time, as he holds the rein tighter, Gaylad, obeying the check, props round at the same instant the old cow does. John finds himself sitting on his horse's neck; it is a miracle how he holds on. He manages to get back to his seat, and, confining operations to a trot, succeeds in heading the chase back towards the mob. He will punish her at any rate for the trouble she has given him. Two or three desperate cuts at the cow fall harmlessly, another only gets the lash under Gaylad's tail, who resents the indignity by kicking once or twice, and humping his back, and nearly upsetting his rider. Now is a good chance; hit her hard. A vicious cut follows. Something catches the fall. "O heavens, my eye!" shouts John, with one hand up to that organ, which has suffered instead of the guilty animal.

Now a camp with a good many cattle on it has been reached. Sam and Peter have evidently been here, and are away after more. The cattle stop of their own accord, mingling with the rest, uttering many bellows of greeting. Fitzgerald proposes to wait for a little. What a thorough master of his work he looks, as with careless ease he sits side-saddle fashion on Bugler, his long whip hanging festooned round him! Hark! there goes a whip! The cattle on the camp recommence bellowing. Here they come down this gully—the bullocks and young cattle ahead, running towards those on the camp, roaring as they run. A mixed lot, with many cows and calves bring up the rear, after which come Sam and Peter, riding side by side. There are so many cows and calves, it is not advisable to drive them as far as the main creek. We don't intend taking them home for branding to-day. We cannot draft the bullocks out properly here though; we require all hands for that. Let us keep as many as we can of the others back on the camp, therefore, when they start. It is not

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quite easily done either; for with stronger perversity those even who wanted to stay behind previously now desire to go along with the mob, and insist on following up, until effectually driven back to their camp. We have yet a large number, and still pick up more as we go along. Gay-lad makes himself very busy in assisting to drive. Should any beast in his vicinity lag behind to crop a sweet morsel, he marks him; then, laying his ears back, with outstretched neck and open mouth, he rushes at the offender, inflicting sometimes a rather sharp bite. The loud pistol-like report of a stock-whip is heard again, this time ahead. The leading cattle quicken their pace. Bellows in the distance are answered by bellows from the mob. We come in sight of a large number of cattle standing close together on an open yet shady camp, and some distance apart, under a shady tree, are three horses. Their riders are lying on the ground. The two mobs mingle now, amid terrific roaring, as we ride up to the little party under the tree.

"Well, Thompson, had much luck?"

"Got about sixty or seventy head, I think."

"There are forty or fifty in our lot," said Fitzgerald; "we had better set to work at once. It will take all our time to get them drafted and yarded before it gets late."

Now they prepare for work. John, with the lad Tommy and Billy Barlow, is told off to ride round the cattle, and prevent them straggling off the camp. Peter is to look after the bullocks when separated from the main crowd, and Fitzgerald, Thompson, and Sam are to draft. A few very quiet animals are driven out, and placed at about one hundred and fifty yards from the rest, to form a kind of nucleus mob for the bullocks to run into. Peter is in attendance to receive them when they come, and prevent their making back, or running away.

Now, threading his way through the masses of cattle, Fitzgerald selects one which his practised eye tells him is of the kind wanted, and riding behind it, urges it quietly to the edge of the mob. Bugler knows his work, and loves it with all his heart. His undivided attention is given to the animal in front of him. He is aware that it is his duty to separate him from the herd, and he is determined to do it. Any dodging movement on the part of the bullock, as, looking from side to side, he approaches the outside ring, is met with an involuntary motion to balk it on the horse's part, revealing the intense

interest he takes in his work. A slight raising of the bridle-hand, and Bugler makes a desperate rush. Startled, the beast singles out from the rest, but immediately tries to double back, and mix up with his fellows. In vain — Bugler's quick eye watches him too narrowly; he has turned in the same instant, and is racing alongside, between him and his bellowing mates. Now, so suddenly as to be almost instantaneous, the determined brute has stopped, wheeled round, and is going at a headlong pace the opposite way. But it is all of no use. The practised stock-horse props at the same moment, and still at speed bars the way. A few sharp cuts from Fitzgerald's whip decide the question, and the conquered creature joins a couple of his mates who have been taken out respectively by Thompson and Sam, and who are now running to mingle with Peter's charge.

Riding back slowly to breathe their nags, the drafters single out more of the particular class wanted, and the scene is repeated. The ground resounds with the rapid battering of the horses' feet, as, stretched at their utmost speed, the intelligent creatures assist their riders with all their might. It is a stirring scene, full of healthy enjoyment and wild excitement.

"How these Australian fellows do ride!" thought John, as he notices the sudden dead stop and sharp wheel, the rider sitting unmoved in his saddle. Look, there is a bullock which has proved too much for Thompson single-handed. He is a large roan bullock, with a red neck, and long, sharp, cocked horns. He is six or perhaps seven years old. He is one that has been missing from the run for the last year or two, and has been seen to-day for the first time during that period. Most probably he has been away on the scrub with a wild mob, and in an evil hour has taken it into his head to revisit his old haunts. His temper has not been improved by his association with the scrubbers. See, he turns on Thompson. What a narrow escape! Forrester manages to get out of his way, but receives an ugly scar on his thigh, which he will carry while he lives.

Sam now bears down to Thompson's assistance. Roaney is once again cut out of the mob. Watch — now — here! here! here they come! The wild-looking roan bullock endeavors to break back, while Sam races alongside, his body bent forward, uttering short, fierce, quick shouts, as, waving his hat in his hand, he seeks to intimidate the savage scrubber into

sheering off from the main mob. What a pace they are going at! There they pass side by side between two trees, that barely allow them room. The leg of Sam's white moleskins brushes the fire-blackened trunk, and adopts its color. A sudden, fierce prop, and Roaney has shot behind Sam's horse, and succeeds in burying himself among the many-colored, bellowing herd. Sam rides slowly back, and, dismounting, slackens the girths of his streaming horse, who, with hanging head and quickly heaving flanks, betrays the exertions he has made.

Thompson and Fitzgerald come up. "That's about," remarks the former.

"He's the dead finish — go right through a man," rejoins Sam, rather sulkily. "Blessed if he didn't — near skiver my hoss!"

"Well, Sam, as soon as your horse gets his wind, you and I will tackle him," says Fitzgerald. "Our horses are the handiest. I wouldn't lose that fellow for a trifle. Ten to one, if we don't get him, after this knocking about he'll make back for the scrubs again."

In about ten minutes' time Sam and his master ride side by side through the crowded camp. At last they notice their savage friend pushing his way through a thick mob of cattle some distance from them.

"Now, Sam," says Fitzgerald, "as soon as we get him fairly out, I'll ride alongside and shoulder him, and you must keep close up and play on him with your whip."

"All right," growls Sam.

One or two essays are ineffectually made to rush out into the open the huge beast, whose hot blood is now boiling within him. At last he is out, and is again racing, with Fitzgerald alongside this time, to get back into the mob.

"Now, then, Sam!" shouts the squatter, as the clever, bold horse, in obedience to his accomplished rider, closes on his horned antagonist, and, leaning over, presses all his weight against the scrubber's shoulder, edging him towards Peter's mob as they fly along. Sam, galloping at the creature's heels, has been waiting the word, and now commences a flagellation with his long twelve-footer, which compels the red-necked savage to keep his pace up, and gladly seek refuge among those already out.

It is now time to be making homewards, and the selected fat cattle are driven steadily in, and yarded for the night.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE ORIGIN OF A WRITTEN GREEK LITERATURE.

It is difficult for us, who live in a reading age, and have so long been familiar with rapid and easy methods of writing and printing, to realize the idea of a highly civilized community which could not, or did not, read and write. Nevertheless, there are very good reasons for believing that such a state of society is not only possible, but that it actually did exist. "There was," says Mr. Grote, "in early Greece a time when no reading class existed." Even the more educated, who could read public records and inscriptions, may have had no practice at all in writing. We are too apt to determine these questions by a reference to our own standards. But a few generations ago men got on pretty well in our own country without steam-engines, railways, or the penny post, all which we have come to regard as social necessities. And when anything has become, in the present state of affairs, a *necessity*, we are apt to forget the difference of circumstances, in great measure, perhaps, created by it, under which we have learnt to view it as such. We can hardly comprehend how, some thirty years ago, all the despatches and all the passenger traffic between London and Edinburgh were carried in half-a-dozen coaches a day, going ten miles an hour. That is because the present enormous traffic itself has been created by the improved facilities for it. Everybody reads now because there are penny papers and an abundance of cheap periodicals; and so again, it is the supply which has given such an immense impulse to the desire to avail ourselves of it. In other words, supply and demand always mutually act and react upon each other.

It is quite conceivable then that even in very civilized and intellectual nations painting or sculpture for the eye and oral recitation for the ear might have sufficed for a long time both for the recording of facts and for the communicating of ideas. In this sense, a *literature* (though the term itself would be an anomaly) may have existed without the use of writing. For instance, the facts of history may have been handed down by tradition and taught by lectures. Compositions both in prose and verse could be learnt by heart and recited without ever having been written down at all. The art of speaking must have long preceded the art of writing, and it may even have

flourished the more from the absence of the latter. Thus in Homer we find Nestor and Ulysses famed for their eloquence, though no hint of writing or of reading is anywhere to be found in the Homeric poems. It is even probable that the high development of oratory and of sculpture at Athens in the time of Pericles was mainly due to the want of a current or circulated literature, which deficiency was supplied by a corresponding proficiency in the sister arts. Human intellect is sure to find its expression in one way if it cannot in another. In the Middle Ages, Bible history was taught by stained-glass windows and frescoed walls, just because there were no printed Bibles or prayer-books. And Dr. Maitland in his "Dark Ages" remarks on the extraordinary knowledge of Scripture which gives a tone and a character to all the writings and records of a period when some would have us believe that the Bible was "unknown." So with the early Greeks,—where men could not write or read in private, they talked and listened in public. The modes of instruction differed from ours, but the instruction was there, and the result was the same,—making due allowance for the difference in the aggregate of human knowledge,—a general intelligence and a power and habit of thought, with a feeling for the harmonious and the beautiful, and a sound judgment in social and political questions. Our ideas of the most necessary elements of education are combined in the convenient monosyllables *read* and *write*; and we joke about "the three R's" when we add a small modicum of knowledge in figures. Without such rudiments, a person now becomes a boor and a churl. But it was not so always. Perhaps indeed this thought suggests a psychological reason why the general decline of art should be so nearly coincident throughout Europe with the general use of printing, or what is called "the revival of letters." This was a new method by which genius found utterance, and it drew men's attention away from other and older methods. There would not have been a Pheidias if there had been a printing-press in the Athenian Acropolis. There would have been no Greek plays if there had been daily newspapers to discuss the current topics of the period. From this habit of realizing descriptions, not from written accounts, but from painted or sculptured forms, we often find the Greeks comparing living objects to statuary, as when a female form is described by the phrase "beauti-

ful as a statue," "looking as though in a picture," and a man's character as "unskilfully painted," for "unfavorably presented to one's notice." So also those versed in ancient lore are spoken of as "possessing the forms painted by older hands."* The astonishing number of still-extant Greek vases going back many centuries before the Christian era, and containing a whole mythology in their designs, is sufficient to prove the proposition, that painting rather than writing was the vehicle of ideas to the ancient Greeks.

There are, as I hope to show, grounds for believing that although they early possessed the Semitic alphabet, they made no great use of it for a long time except for the writing or inscribing names, laws, treaties, decrees, or other short records public or domestic. All these uses are widely different from the transcription of current literature, and great confusion has been made in this respect by those who think the antiquity of *writing* in itself proves the antiquity of *copying books*.

I call attention to a most singular, significant, and important fact, which, so far as I am aware, has never been noticed. It is this: that the Greek language, so copious, so expressive, not only has no proper verbs equivalent to the Roman *legere* and *scribere*,† but it has no terms at all for any one of the implements or materials so familiar to us in connection with writing (pen, ink, paper, book, library, copy, transcript, etc.) till a comparatively late period of the language. The only exception is, that one or two words expressing "tablets,"—probably of wood overlaid with wax,—are found in the earlier writers of the Periclean era. But it is abundantly clear that the use of letters for literary purposes was regarded as quite subordinate, and solely as an "aid to memory," in which sense it is often spoken of. Thus, Prometheus is said to have communicated to man "the putting together of letters, as a means for making

* Aesch. Agam. 241, 774. Eur. Hec. 559. Hippol. 451. In the latter passage *γραφὴς* is sometimes, but very erroneously, interpreted "writings."

† The Greek equivalent to *legere* means "to speak," and that to *scribere* means properly "to draw" or "paint,"—primarily, as in Homer, "to scratch or mark a surface." It came to be used in the sense of "writing" because it was at first (as we see in the earliest vases) an adjunct to descriptive painting. The Greeks had two verbs which indirectly express "reading,"—but they are clumsy shifts, unworthy of so complete a language, the one meaning *recognoscere*, the other *sibi colligere*, "to have something put before one in a collective form." The earliest passage in which "reading a written name" occurs, is Pindar, Ol. x. 1-3. After the age of Pericles, the verb "to write" was used commonly enough in our literary sense.

an artificial memory the recorder of all things;" and there is a well-known myth in the "Phaedrus" of Plato, in which the Egyptian god Theuth or Thoth is said to have given letters "to assist memory," to which it is objected by the then king of Egypt, that this new art will make men forget rather than remember, "because, from trusting to external signs, and from the non-practice of memory, they will cease to recall facts from their own minds."*

We have early mention also of inscriptions on bronze plates; † but the word for "book" (which is our word "Bible") does not occur at all till near the time of Plato, or shortly before B.C. 400. The first mention of it, I think, is in the "Birds" of Aristophanes ‡ (B.C. 415), and here it only means a collection of written oracles, which, perhaps, were among the first records that began to be written down. § Speaking generally, it is quite extraordinary how very scanty are the notices of writing, or of any of its kindred operations or materials, throughout the earlier Greek literature. Even in the "Dialogues" of Plato, though we know written books were then fully introduced, there is a total silence as to how and on what they were written.

But here comes the difficulty, from which we must try to find an escape. There *is* a Greek literature, and a very copious one. We have the long histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, to say nothing of Homer and Hesiod and a great number of Greek plays. It is evident that these, or most of these (allowing that epic poems *may* have been orally handed down) must have been written. How can we reconcile this fact, which may be regarded as certain, with the scanty notices of writing itself? This consideration should make us somewhat timid in pressing "negative evidence" too far.

This is, indeed, a most important and difficult inquiry. To answer it fully and properly would require a long investigation; but the results may be stated in brief. We have no proof whatever that the papyrus, though so early known and used as a writing material by the Egyptians, was so employed by the Greeks. There is much more reason to think that

the authors of works laboriously wrote them on strips of wood (probably on a surface prepared with wax), and kept from contact, when laid upon each other, by raised margins like our school-slates. These would be very durable, though not perhaps very portable; and yet, they would not of necessity be much larger or heavier than the ponderous folios which were issued by printers only two centuries ago.

Such books were not meant in the first instance for transcription. It may be greatly doubted, for example, if it would have been *possible* to procure, for money, a copy of Herodotus or Thucydides in the lifetime of the authors. The autograph copies were used only for "readings;" and when we are told that Herodotus read his history at the Olympian games, and that Thucydides, when a boy, heard it, and burst into tears,* there is nothing in the anecdotes beyond what is extremely probable. For these "displays," as the Greek rhetoricians called them, or "readings" and "recitations" (as we call them after the Roman custom), were the only way by which the contents of such works could become known, as transcription for general circulation was evidently impossible, and as there were (so far as we know) no "readers," as a class, so there could be no "writers" or transcribers by profession.

I must guard myself here by stating that I am not now making a rash or dogmatic assertion. I am only expressing the view which my researches into this question have led me to accept as on the whole the most probable view. It does not in the least follow that because the art of writing was known, and because the proper materials for it may have early existed, that therefore they were made available for the copying of books. What we should call "spouting," or the sensational oral delivery of poetry or prose—more often from memory than from written copies—was the Greek method of gaining attention to literary compositions, and so we find the art of the rhapsodist flourished even in the times of Plato, Xenophon, and Aristophanes. It seems to be commonly assumed, but wholly without proof, that the earlier Greeks had some writing-material equivalent to our

* Aesch. Prom. 460. Plat. Phaedr. p. 274, chap. lix.

† Sophocles, Trach. 683.

‡ V. 974. In Herod. i. 123 and iii. 128, βιβλίον means "a small piece of byblus," as χρυσίδιον means "a gold coin," a bit of χρυσός.

§ See Soph. Trach. 1167.

* Life of Thucydides by Marcellinus. This is quite compatible with what Thucydides says of his own history in i. 22, that it was not composed to vie with others in attracting an audience for the time, or merely to be "pleasing to hear" (ἵνα ἀκούσθαι), but to keep and lay by as a possession for all time.

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paper or parchment. It is no use to indulge in mere assertion, and say that "papyrus, with the Egyptian trade open now for over a century and a half, *must have been* cheap and plentiful in Greece and Sicily."* Why, then, is it *never* mentioned as a writing-material? There is indeed one verse in Aeschylus† in which he speaks of certain commands not being "sealed down in folds of byblus," after the manner of an official misive, but delivered *viva voce*; but the genuineness of the verse cannot, even for metrical reasons, be trusted, and the context tends to show it is a later interpolation. Anyhow, it is evident, from the mention of *sealing*, that letter-writing, and not the copying of literature, must be alluded to. Still the line is one of the greatest importance to the determination of this question; for, if papyrus was used for letter-writing, it could also have been used for copying books.

Herodotus does indeed tell us‡ that the Ionians used prepared skins for writing on, and this is probably the origin of parchment.§ Yet no notice of it anywhere occurs beyond the brief statement he makes to this effect. There is nowhere the slightest indication that either papyrus or parchment was ever used for the transcription of literary works.

What, then, did they use? For, even if Homer and Hesiod and the rhapsodists who represented them, made no written copies (which, in itself, they either may or may not have done), it cannot be doubted that the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles were written down from the first; and being so written, they must have been preserved (and all the more carefully because they were unique autograph copies) either in temples or treasuries, or among the State archives, till the times of the Alexandrine school of learning, when *for the first time* the use of papyrus and the practice of transcription became common; and from them have come down to us the copies we still possess in a more or less corrupt state of the texts.||

Nothing could be more convenient than light strips or tablets of wood, called by

the Greeks *δέλτοι* and *πίνακες*. Each would represent a page; and for the purposes of a note-book, or of transmission under seal, they could easily have been used like the Roman *pugillares*. That the surface was covered with a thin layer of wax is probable from many considerations. In the first place it is a material very cheap, very plentiful, very easily impressed or obliterated,* and very durable. We have a vast number of ancient deeds, and the waxen seals still appended to them remain in good preservation after the lapse of six or seven centuries. There are incidental notices of these waxed tablets being used in the Athenian law-courts for indictments and other purposes. So in the "Clouds," there is a joke about melting the letters of a writ in the sunshine,† and in the "Wasps" we read of an old juryman having his finger-nail full of wax from scratching a line on a tablet. It is therefore highly probable that a stiff and not a flexible material was at first used for writing; in other words, the school-slate preceded the use of the copy-book; and the "blackboard" of the lecturer is still a witness to the ancient custom. It is the origin too of the diptychs and triptychs that came into use over the altars of churches, not, at first, for paintings, but for lists of written names.

The examples of Egypt and Assyria, not to mention some other countries, as Lycia, Phœnicia, and Etruria, tend to show that the earliest form of writing was scratching stone or clay,—a process essentially different from the use of the pen. The form of the arrow-headed character is thought to show that clay cylinders, impressed by an angular piece of wood or metal, were used before the inscriptions were cut in stone, which must have been very early, though not so early as Egyptian hieroglyphics on granite. Assyrian inscriptions on slabs considerably exceed one thousand years B.C. The Greeks too made inscriptions on stone pillars (*στῆλαι*) as early as Solon or Pisistratus, perhaps,—very short and badly executed, so far as we can now judge from the ungainly shapes of the letters and the non-division of words. The early "lettering" of the Greek vases, of about the same period,

* Dr. Hayman in the *Journal of Philology*, viii., p. 138.

† Suppl. 947.

‡ Book v. 53.

§ Corrupted from *Pergamena*, from its manufacture at Pergamos in Asia Minor.

|| Diogenes Laertius tells us that Xenophon stole and published (as he also himself continued) the "History of Thucydides." This anecdote, if true, shows that the book had not been published or circulated (Laert. ii. 6, § 13).

* The word used by Euripides for altering words in a *δέλτος* is *συνχεῖν*, implying melting the surface, or obliterating words with the blunt end of a *stilus*. Iph. Aul. 37. The prepared wax was called *μυλὴν* or *μυλῶνα* (Jul. Pollux, Onom. x. 58). See Herod. vii. 239.

† Aristoph. *Nub.* 772, — a passage very remarkable for the early mention of a glass lens and its use for drawing the sun's rays into a focus.

belongs to the department of painting rather than of writing proper; and it hardly extended, for two or three centuries, beyond single words. As a rule, ancient sites, *e.g.* those called "Cycloplan," are wholly destitute of inscriptions; we might as well expect to find letters on a block at Stonehenge as on a polygonal or squared stone at Mycenae. Even the scratches on the clay balls (whorls) found by Schliemann at Hissarlik have no claim at all to be considered as writing. Nor have any Hebrew inscriptions of any antiquity (apart from the Moabitic stone,* with its Assyrian and Egyptian affinities of form and material) ever come to light in any of the explorations at Jerusalem or in Palestine. The sole exception to the absence of ancient writing other than that on stone, seems to be certain papyri found in Egyptian tombs, which are said to claim a very high antiquity.

But because the Egyptians had the papyrus and wrote upon it, it must not be assumed, as it too often is, contrary to all evidence, that the early Greeks used it too, and wrote copies of Homer upon it even in the time of Solon. A stone-cutter with his chisel is a *widely* different person from a student with his pen. It is curious to find written words described as composed of "shapes" rather than of letters. Thus, in the "Theseus" of Euripides,† a countryman (illiterate, of course) describes the letters composing the name as so many combinations of lines, circles, and zigzags, just as if the letter A were described to us by a country bumpkin as "two sticks set aslant with a bar across them."‡ There was a legend that Palamedes "invented writing" in the time of the Trojan War; and in allusion to this we have a droll scene in Aristophanes, where Mnesilochus, a relative of Euripides, while in prison cuts a rude inscription on pieces of wood, and throws them out to inform his friends of his trouble.

The custom of sending written messages must have prevailed early; and we may safely place letter-writing before book-writing. The *scytale* was one of the earliest contrivances, and it was a very ingenious one. Two persons privately kept staves or batons of precisely the

same diameter, so that a strip of bark or skin wrapped round, and written on lengthwise, would be intelligible only by precisely the same arrangement of the lines, since the order of the words would become disjointed on a stick of any other diameter.

There is hardly any allusion to "books" earlier than the writings of Plato. And it is very remarkable that they are spoken of as a *novelty* and a development in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes (B.C. 404), where it is said * "that every one now has a book and learns wisdom out of it."

We must next inquire how far the preceding remarks agree with the opinions ordinarily held by scholars. And this inquiry will show, I think, how erroneous, or, at least, how baseless, are many of the current opinions on the subject.

Mr. Grote† writes as follows: "The interval between Archilochus and Solon (660-580 B.C.) seems, as has been remarked in my former volume, to be the period in which writing first came to be applied to Greek poems,—to the Homeric poems among the number; and shortly after the end of that period, commences the era of compositions without metre or prose. The philosopher Pherecydes of Syros, about 550 B.C., is called by some the earliest prose-writer. But no prose-writer for a considerable time afterwards acquired any celebrity,—seemingly none earlier than Hecataeus of Miletus, about 510-490 B.C.,—prose being a subordinate and ineffective species of composition, not always even perspicuous, and requiring no small practice before the power was acquired of rendering it interesting." He adds (p. 25), "The acquisition of prose-writing, commencing as it does about the age of Peisistratus, is not less remarkable as an evidence of past, than as a means of future, progress."

In accordance with the view of an early written literature here laid down (as if it were a plain and acknowledged matter of fact) we read, in the dictionaries of biography, of Cadmus of Miletus, Charon of Lampsacus, Pherecydes, Hecataeus, Acusilaus, Hellanicus, all of whom are stated to have lived earlier than B.C. 500. When, however, we look into the authorities for these alleged composers of written prose works, we find only Strabo, Plutarch, Diodorus, Pliny, and others who lived *six centuries later*, appealed to in

* I observe that the supposed date of this stone, B.C. 896, is now seriously questioned, and the date placed as late as B.C. 260 (*Athenaeum*, Dec. 6, 1879).

† Frag. 385, Dind.

‡ Athenaeus, who quotes this in Book x., gives other examples of similar *descriptive* accounts given by those who could not read.

* V. 1113.

† Hist. of Greece, Part ii., chap. xxix. (vol. iv., p. 24).

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proof of the assertion. With the exception of Acusilaus who is *once* quoted by Plato, Hellanicus *once* by Thucydides, and Hecataeus three or four times by Herodotus, we find no reason to believe that their *written* works, if they then existed, were known to or made use of by the historians of the very next century. Therefore, if their works really existed in MS., they were either unknown or inaccessible to the writers who next succeeded them, or these latter were (which is very improbable) so careless that they did not consult works known to have been written on the very subjects they undertook to record. We must fall back on the supposition, that if there really were written copies, either the authors of them had scarcely any literary reputation, or they reserved their own properties to be used for "readings" or as repertories from which oral instruction might be obtained, but not either for lending or for circulation. And such a view is, without doubt, in itself neither absurd nor impossible. It will make the limited existence of written literary works at least conceivable at that early period.

But the difficulty does not stop here. We find in the early Greek writers, *e.g.* in Herodotus, mention made of three distinct kinds of literary persons, those "versed in history" (called *λόγιοι*)*, "composers of stories," and "*writers of stories*." The last term is the *latest* of the three, a fact significant in itself. There must have been separate professions corresponding to these several terms. The oldest are the *λόγιοι*, whom we find mentioned in Pindar along with the "bards" (*αἰοδοί*), and several times, *e.g.* in the opening chapter, by Herodotus. We cannot doubt that they were a class of men who were authorities in history, such as "history" then was, *i.e.* in the main mere mythology. Oral anecdotes of marvellous exploits or adventures, clan-stories of prowess, and all that we express by the terms *tales* and *anecdotes*, were called *λόγιοι* by the early Greeks. Such stories were told by Patroclus to amuse the wounded Eurypylus in his tent, while soothing the pain of his wound.† And we know from Aristophanes‡ that

droll stories of Aesop's were orally recited at the dinner-table. Hence he is called by Herodotus, in common with Hecataeus of Miletus, *λογιοποις*, "a story-maker." Dr. Hayman is not justified in saying* that "*prose-writer* is undoubtedly the sense in which Herodotus applies *λογιοποις* to Hecataeus." We read in the "Phaedrus"† that Lysias was *taunted* with being a "speech-writer," *λογισγράφος*, the alleged reason being that "the more influential men in the states feel scruple at *writing* their essays or speeches, and so leaving records of themselves in writing, lest posterity should stigmatize them as *Sophists*." This also furnishes us with a reason for a repeated boast of Socrates, that he should leave behind him no offspring of his mind, viz. no books or written treatises. He appears to be satirizing a practice which was beginning to come in vogue.

There is certainly no proof at all that Herodotus refers to Hecataeus as a *writer*. It is perfectly possible, and on the whole highly probable, that the stories, the histories, or the philosophic teachings of the earlier Greeks were a purely oral literature. They were put into writing eventually from the dictation of their pupils and followers; and thus it happens that in after times the *writings* of Heraclitus, Anaximander, Thales, and the early philosophers generally as well as those of the historians preceding Herodotus, are referred to.‡ There is not the slightest ground for believing, while there are many grounds for doubting, that there was any *written* Iliad and Odyssey till the age of "books," which is that of Plato. Hence, to suppose that such long poems *could* have come down to us, by oral recitation alone, from a period five or six centuries earlier than that, and unmixed with the countless verses which in the times of the tragic poets composed the "tale of Troy," is nothing less than a literary delusion, cherished because it is popular, but opposed to every principle of fair logical inference from facts.

Books were no sooner introduced than they became both popular and cheap. Treatises on eloquence, as those by Tisias and Corax mentioned in the "Phaedrus," §

* In ii. 77 he expressly speaks of the *memory* of these men,—a fact that alone proves the absence of teaching from books. They probably consulted such inscriptions as existed, and made themselves acquainted with oracles, records of temples and prytanea (town-halls), and they may have made written notes of them. Granting even this as possible or probable, we are still far from the era of a written literature in circulation.

† Iliad xxi.

‡ Vesp. 1258.

* P. 138, in *Journal of Philology* viii.

† P. 257. C.

‡ It is very significant, that Parmenides and Empedocles wrote philosophy *in verse*, which was so much easier to remember than precepts in prose.

§ P. 273. A. A phrase was soon introduced, "You are not up in your Aesop," etc., expressed by the word *οὐ πεπαιγμένος*, the original of our term "trite."

the stories of Aesop, and the philosophical dogmas of Anaxagoras,* could be bought at Athens in the time of Plato for a very small sum. But Thucydides, with the exception of a single reference by name to the "Attic History" of Hellanicus, and Herodotus, who quotes only the statements of Hecataeus in three or four passages (and both writers in evident disparagement of their authorities), are unable to appeal to any current written literature. Thucydides is evidently glancing at Hellanicus when he alludes (i. 21) to "writers of stories who compose rather to please the ear than with a view to truth." He does not seem to have known Herodotus at all; his appeal is only to hearsay and memory. The following passages in the introduction to his history are well deserving of impartial consideration. It will be observed, that in his sketch of the early history of Greece from the time of the Trojan war, he adduces no single fact on the authority of any one except "Homer," and he nowhere shows the least consciousness that the Persian wars and passages in the early history of Sparta had been written by Herodotus. Thus he says (i. i. § 2), "The events before them (*viz.* before the Peloponnesian and the Persian wars), and those yet earlier, it was impossible to make out clearly through the length of time." Again (ch. 9, § 2), "Such, according to my research, is the history of early Greece, though it is difficult to put full trust in it by all the chain of evidence I could collect, because men receive from each other *hearsay accounts of the past*, even when their own country is concerned, without any more inquiry than if it were not."

"Many other matters, even contemporary events, and not beginning to be forgotten through time, the other Hellenic peoples have a wrong notion about" (*ib.* § 4).

"Still, from the evidences I have mentioned, one would not be far wrong in accepting as facts what I have mentioned, that is, if he does not trust the exaggerations of poets nor the attractive rather than truthful narratives of story-writers,† which have become little better than fables through time, but takes my state-

ments as made with sufficient certainty considering the length of time that has elapsed."

Thus we see this great writer, impressed with the deficiency of any authentic history, either obliged or contented to fall back on *inferences, memory, hearsay*.* If he had known of the large amount of Spartan traditions recorded in the sixth book of Herodotus, he could hardly have used the language he employs in i. ch. 9, "Now those affirm, who have received the clearest accounts about the Peloponnesus *by memory* from their predecessors," etc.

Herodotus himself commences his history with these notable words. "This is the setting forth" (literally, "a showing to the eye") "of the history (or research) of Herodotus, in order that events which have taken place may not vanish from mankind by time,‡ and that deeds great and worthy of admiration may not come to be without renown," *i.e.* lose their credit, as they would in the course of ages if they were narrated only to present hearers, and not recorded in writing. These are precisely the words of an author who is congratulating himself on having achieved something more than had yet been done for the recording of history. The only meaning we can fairly attach to his phrase, "become evanescent by time," is this,—that he can fix them in writing, and so make them permanent. But if others had done so, and if Hecataeus "the story-maker" had left a written work, to which Herodotus had access, how very much out of place the declaration on his part would have been! Now, though Hecataeus is referred to a few times,‡ there is nowhere the slightest reference to any *written* book of his. On the whole then, it is probable, or not improbable, that tales told *orally* (after a fashion analogous to the rhapsodists) on the authority of Hecataeus and Aesop and other composers or compilers, were the only prose literature current in the time of Herodotus. And thus we understand why Thucydides says more than once that *his* work was not meant to "tickle the ear."

There is a passage in Pindar (Olymp. vi. 90) on which, as bearing on this subject, a discussion was raised by me some years ago. A messenger who conveys an ode, with instructions for the perform-

* Plat. Apol. p. 26. E; Phaedo, p. 97. C. Eupolis in Meineke's *Fragm. Com. Gr.*, vol. ii., p. 550.

† He undoubtedly means Hellanicus by the indefinite *λογογράφοι*. He is comparing his own narrative of facts, as carefully observed and recorded by himself, with the only existing Attic history that was known, by recitations from it, to his countrymen.

* τεκμήρια, μνήμη, ἀκοή.

‡ The word he uses was applied to the fading color of dyes or of blood.

§ See, for instance, Book ii. 143, v. 36, vi. 137.

ance of it, is compared to a *scytala*, or written scroll. Now, if he carried with him the ode *in writing*, the comparison is obviously out of place. But, if he learned the ode by heart (Pindar retaining the autograph copy written on wooden tablets), the oral message is very well compared to a written missive.

Another passage, about which I had some controversy in one of the leading reviews, is that in v. 52 of the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, Dionysus is there made to say, after an allusion to the sea-fight off Arginusae, "As I was reading to myself the 'Andromeda' on the ship, a sudden desire caused my heart to beat." Does this mean, "as he was reading the play of Euripides from a MS. copy" (as one might now read a book or a paper on board a steamer), or "as he was reading the name 'ANDROMEDA' painted on the stern or prow (Pollux i. 86) of his own or another vessel?"

No doubt, this is rather a nice point. Conceding, as I have done, that the use of "books" is mentioned as a novelty, in this very play, my argument is not seriously affected whichever interpretation we adopt. I think, however, that this carrying about literary MSS. for casual perusal is so alien to everything we know about the Greek habits of the period, that the other explanation must be the true one. The "Andromeda" was a ship that had distinguished itself in the sea-fight, and when Dionysus saw the name upon it, it reminded him of the play of Euripides of the same name.

I think I have shown good reasons for holding Mr. Grote's statements to be, at least, unsupported by evidence, when he affirms* that "there is ground for assurance that Greek poems first began to be written before the time of Solon" (B.C. 600), and that "the period which may with the greatest probability be fixed upon as having first witnessed the formation even of the narrowest reading class in Greece is from B.C. 660 to B.C. 630." He thence jumps to the conclusion (which I think contrary to all evidence) that "manuscripts of the Homeric poems and the other old epics—the Thebais and the Cypria as well as the Iliad and the Odyssey—began to be compiled towards the middle of the seventh century B.C., and the opening of Egypt to Grecian commerce, which took place about the same period, would furnish increased facilities for obtaining the requisite papyrus to write upon" (p. 150).

* Hist. of Greece, ii. pp. 148-9.

Mr. Grote could hardly have been aware of the very significant fact I have pointed out, viz. the total absence from the Greek vocabulary of all words and terms connected with pen-and-ink writing, till a comparatively late period. If he had been aware of it, he would have stated with less confidence that the "first positive ground which authorizes us to presume the existence of a manuscript of Homer, is the famous ordinance of Solon with regard to the rhapsodes at the Panathenaea."* Dr. Hayman, who adopts Mr. Grote's conclusions, founds it on the same weak argument, viz. the requirements of lyric poetry, which (he says) could not have floated over the precarious stage of their unwritten existence if it had lasted more than one or two generations.† But these songs were used socially, and could be recited or sung or played to music by memory alone; nor is there the least necessity for inferring that "that first (or unwritten) stage was a very short one," or that "unless fixed at once by MS. they must have died an early death."‡

A great deal has been said by many learned men on the early use of writing for the purposes of inscriptions and dedicatory offerings, but no one as yet has sufficiently discriminated the use of letters for public or state purposes, and the use of them for book-writing. No doubt, there are notices of writing in several passages of Herodotus; but they are all notices of quite a different sort from that of copying volumes of prose or poetry. There are many, very many, specimens of early handwriting on extant Greek vases; but they are confined to single names in explanation of the subjects; the forms, too, of the letters are quite unsuited to their use for book-writing, and the absence of all mention of writing-material (except tablets) is against Mr. Grote's theory‡ of "both readers and manuscripts having attained a certain recognized authority before the time of Solon."

It may be argued, that mere negative evidence is not to be pushed too far. But then why, if there was a written literature in his time, does Thucydides appeal to *memory* and *hearsay*? Why is there no mention of "books" up to a certain

* P. 144. His argument is founded on an erroneous interpretation of a phrase which he thought meant "by prompting from a MS.," but which really means, "in successive parts."

† *Journal of Philology*, viii. p. 134.

‡ Vol. ii., p. 150. It is fair to add that F. A. Wolf (*Proleg. ad. Hom.*, ch. xvii, § 70) avows the same opinion.

date, and then a common mention of them? I have looked through all the extant Greek plays, tragedies and comedies, and their numerous extant fragments, with a special view to this question, which I have had before me for years. It is not till nearly B.C. 400,—that is, two centuries later than the date assigned by Mr. Grote,—that I find any mention of books, or writing-masters (*grammatistae*), or booksellers.* And as Thucydides never once quotes Herodotus, or Plato Thucydides—though he does *once* refer (Sympos. p. 178. C.) to Acusilaus—the paucity of written books (if they existed at all except as the private property of the authors) must be inferred, and the supposed MSS. of the Iliad and Odyssey before the age of Solon must be relegated to the category of the barest possibilities.

The close connection of the word *βιβλίον* or *βιβλίον* with the name of the papyrus-plant, *hyblus*, may be thought to prove that its use as a writing-material must have been early known to the Greeks. "Papyrus" (says Dr. Hayman, already quoted) "must have been cheap and plentiful in Greece and Sicily." Pliny however says that papyrus was not used (he must mean, by the Greeks) for paper before the time of Alexander the Great. The use of it in Egypt for hieratic writing may have been so far a secret, that the method of preparing it remained for a long time unknown to the Greeks. At all events, we cannot show that they ever employed it in early times for any documentary purposes. It may have been too brittle, or suited only to a very dry climate; we are on a subject on which we have no evidence at all, and therefore conjectures in one direction are as permissible as in the other.†

One point in this controversy is undeniable; that the *δέλτος* (which probably consisted of two or three thin plates of wood) was used for ordinary written messages or communications long before "books," properly so called, came into use. Euripides‡ calls a *δέλτος* "a fir tablet," *πένκη*, and it probably differed only from the *πίναξ*, *tabula*, in being smaller and more suited for transmission when tied up and sealed. There is nothing

however in the use of these implements to suggest to our minds the notion of a reading or literary class who had libraries or collections of books at their command. I am myself of opinion that nothing deserving the name of a library was known to the Greeks till the era of the great Alexandrine School under the Ptolemies, and I have no belief in an oft-told story, that Pisistratus collected a library for the Athenians.

F. A. PALEY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"THE CROOKIT MEG:"

A STORY OF THE YEAR ONE.

[THE favorable reception accorded by the critics to the studies of Scotch life in a certain volume of Essays in Romance has tempted me to try my hand on a somewhat larger canvas. I was unwilling moreover that my recollections of some of the racy characters of a remote district of Scotland who were my friends when a boy should be allowed to pass away unrecorded. The generation to which they belonged retained many of the characteristics of their fathers, and, in particular, most of them—both men and women—used that Scots tongue which is now hardly to be met with in its purity out of a few Ayrshire villages. The middle class, indeed, and many of the upper, were able to speak either dialect,—the broad Scots of the laboring population, and the Scots-English, which was, and continues to be, spoken in those polite circles of the northern metropolis which are so obnoxious to the stout and pugnacious patriotism of Professor Blackie. I hope that I have been able to retain, while eschewing merely local patois, so much of the Scots tongue (as current till quite lately in the north of Scotland) as is distinctly characteristic; to attempt a piece of verbal photography would serve no good end, but would, on the contrary, render the dialogue obscure, and possibly unintelligible, to the vast majority of readers, even in Scotland.

SHIRLEY.]

July 1879.

I.

It was the year one—the first year of a century which has passed the Psalmist's threescore and ten. Seventy and odd years have played sad havoc with most of us; the new-born babes who were then sleeping quietly in their cradles are now mainly under the turf, sleeping a sounder sleep—if it be a sleep that rounds our lit

* A few faint indications of being taught to read occur a little earlier, as when the sausage-seller in the "Knights" of Aristophanes ("Cavaliers" would be a better rendering of the title) says he knows his letters very little, and that little very badly.

† The word, *χαρτίης*, *charta*, occurs in one passage of *Plato Comicus*, circ. B.C. 425.

‡ Iph. Aul. 39.

tle life. Oblivion scattereth her poppies. These monotonously returning springs and summers and autumns are frozen into a winter from which there is no recovery. Their harvests are all gathered in, and death has reaped the reapers. Was the game worth the candle?

Throughout that district of Scotland which (according to the Gaelic derivation of the name) lies in the bend of the ocean, and more particularly in the seaport of Peelboro'—the "Broch" being then, as now, the capital of a remote and secluded community—there was manifested on the first day of October in the year one, a certain measure of restrained excitement,—an excitement as keen, indeed, as these reticent people ever permit themselves to manifest. There were wars and rumors of war. The deluge was rising over Europe. It had come to be felt on all sides that the antagonism between the rival forces was too vital to admit of any compromise. That wild flood of hate and fury and revenge needed to spend itself before any thought of peace could be entertained. The triflers and critics were brushed out of the way. The clever young gentleman of the "Anti-Jacobin" laid their pens aside. Pitt alone—Pitt, who had divined from the first that the contest, the merciless contest between the old ideas and the new, must be fought out to the bitter end—Pitt among the statesmen of Europe was left almost by himself,—and Pitt's heart was breaking.

But the excitement at the Broch was not due to any of the misadventures which at that moment were vexing the soul of the great minister. They were seafaring people. The roads to the south were barely passable. The official who carried the post-bags came twice or thrice a week, and the news he brought was about a fortnight old. They were practically cut off from the outer world. A French privateer, indeed, had once entered the bay; but the guns of the battery on the Ron-heads had been quickly manned, and a few round shot had induced her to seek a safer anchorage. The people had waited up all night, with clumsy old muskets under their arms, on the chance of the return of her boats; but when the morning broke only a white cloud of canvas was visible on the horizon. The stout, ruddy, weather-beaten farmers and fishermen returned to their usual work, and had not again been disturbed. So that the echoes of the fierce conflict outside were barely heard by them. The stories of great victories, which were carried

week after week over the land a year or two later, when the lion (or the devil) was at length fairly roused, had not yet begun to arrive. It was, in short, the news that the "Jan Mayen" was in the offing that had brought the whole seafaring population of the district to the pier at Port Henry on the 1st of October, 1801.

The "Jan Mayen," a schooner of a hundred tons, was then the only whaler hailing from a seaport which now sends thirty great ships to the Arctic seas. Some far-sighted Alexander, or Anderson, or Arbuthnot of the day (the local burghers still keep the well-worn names) had taken it into his head that a vast mine of wealth lay away to the northward, beyond the Man of Hoy and the Stones of Stennis. The Dutch had a fleet in these seas among the seals and whales and icebergs, which year after year came back to the Scheldt loaded with ample store of blubber and whalebone and seal-skins. The Dutch had grown rich in this adventurous industry: were not the Peelboro' seamen as plucky, and the Peelboro' traders as keen at a bargain, as any Dutchman? So the "Jan Mayen" had been built and fitted out; the shares had been taken up eagerly by all sorts and conditions of men in the burgh and the surrounding districts; there had been a series of surprisingly successful years; and this morning, for the fifth time, the "Jan Mayen" was again in the offing.

It was one of those lovely October days which they used to have in Scotland before the east wind was invented. A brisk breeze, indeed, was blowing from the north, and the "Jan Mayen," with all her sails spread, came sweeping swiftly towards the harbor mouth. Nearer and nearer the good ship, with so many of the "burgh's bairns" on her deck, and so much of the burgh's wealth in her hold, approaches the shore; and the demure elevation of these undemonstrative Scots became actually audible when it was seen that "a garland" hung from the topmost spar of the mainmast. "It's a' richt, lads," said an old tar cheerily to the crowd, as he shut up his glass, from the top of the herring-barrel which he had mounted. "A full ship!"

The crowd was essentially a representative one. Fishermen, farm laborers, shopkeepers, lawyers, merchants, doctors, ministers—no class in the community was unrepresented. There was Dr. Caldwell, who prosed in the Muckle Kirk, and the Reverend Neil Brock, who ministered in a back yard to the Original Reformed

Particular Anti-Burghers; there was Captain Knock, of the coastguard, and Corbie, the burgh lawyer (or "liar," as they call that functionary in these parts); and—most interested of all—there were the wives and sisters and sweethearts of the crew who manned the gallant little craft.

Just as the men of the "Jan Mayen" had lowered the mainsheet, just as the last "tack" to enable her to clear the reef outside the harbor mouth had been completed, a young man with a dare-devil look in his face, and riding, with an air of reckless abandon, a half-broken colt of the native breed, then commonly used in the remoter districts of the north, galloped down to the beach. He threw a half-scornful, half-defiant greeting to the crowd, which fell back as he pushed his way through it to the pier-head. "It's that wild lad, Harry Hacket," said Corbie to the provost of the burgh, who stood beside him. "What deil's errand brings him here?"

Then ropes were caught, the jib was loosed, the ship brought up and made fast to the pier; the crew swarmed on shore, and the landmen swarmed on board; there were tears and laughter and cordial greetings, the eager embrace for the husband, the shy welcome for the lover. The gallant old ship looked finely weather-beaten; the treasures of the hail and the snow had been poured out upon her, and her stout sides had been torn by iceberg and floe; the decks were covered with skins of seals and jawbones of whales, and in a huge cask amidship a young polar bear showed its ugly teeth, and growled savagely at the boys, who had already begun to torment him. To me there has always been the attraction of a romance in the return of one of these Arctic adventurers—it is the sort of fascination I used to feel when stalking a hooper or a loon. They come to us from the bleak and sombre north, and bleakly behind them rises the northern winter. And then the wild strangeness and remoteness of the wilderness into which they have penetrated—mountains of ice that reel together in perilous madness—iron-bound seas which the tempest cannot ripple—the angry flush of the aurora upon the night!

Meanwhile the horse and his rider stood immovable upon the pier-head. Hacket had scanned attentively the faces of the crew as the ship was moored, though he had shown no sign of recognition even when stout Captain Manson waved his hand to him on landing. But

at length a young, strongly-built sailor, who had been taken possession of by a pretty girl the moment he put his foot on shore, freed himself from her embrace, and approached the horseman. He had one of the typical faces of a district where the Scandinavian blood is mixed with the Celt's—the fair skin, the soft blue eyes, the curly yellow hair, the frank tone and fearless carriage of the North Sea rover. He nodded coolly to Hacket (who returned his careless greeting), and then coming close up to the horse, and laying his hand upon the straggling mane, said in a low, significant whisper, so that the horseman alone could hear,—

"We hailed the 'Crookit Meg,' sir, last night, aff Rattray Head."

II.

TAM or Tammas Corbie, the lawyer, was perhaps the sharpest man in Peel-boro'. At the burgh school, and at the Marischal College, he had as a lad carried everything before him. He was possessed by the passionate liking for out-of-the-way learning which seems to come naturally to some men. With a little patrimony of his own to start with, he elected to try the bar, and for some years he appeared to be on the fair way to the bench. But suddenly and unaccountably he broke down—utterly and irretrievably. There had always, along with the real love of letters, been a scampish element in the man, which had led him to prefer the shady side of literature and law. As he grew older the taint infected his whole nature; and by-and-by the intellectual thirst was succeeded by a thirst of a more dangerous kind. So when he had lost his last client he left the Parliament House, and returning to his native town became its legal adviser. Even at home, however, his reputation was dubious. He was, as I have indicated, a clever, shrewd, learned lawyer, who might have made his mark anywhere; but as he seldom went to bed sober (being invariably, indeed, as his cronies said, "blin' fou" early in the evening), and as he was, even at his soberest, more remarkable for keenness of scent and sharpness of tongue (and his nose was keen and his tooth sharp as a weasel's) than for honesty, veracity, or general trustworthiness, his business gradually diminished, and he had latterly become the adviser mainly of that section of the community which is more or less beyond the pale of the law. Yet, socially, he still kept his head above water; for he was a magnificent whist-player, and among a

small community such a gift is invaluable. He played by a sort of instinct; the tipster he got the more masterly was his management of his cards; even when "blin' fou" he seldom lost a trick.

On the evening of the day on which the "Jan Mayen" arrived, Corbie was seated in his "office," as it was called by courtesy—a wooden shed which overlooked the harbor, and which smelt suggestively of stale fish, tar, and whisky. He had had interviews during the afternoon with a smuggler, who had left a small keg of brandy behind him; a poacher, who had neglected to remove a hare and a brace of wild-fowl; a farm wench, who had instructed him to raise an action of aliment against a gay Lothario of the farmyard; a farmer, out of elbows, who wanted the lawyer to back a little bill on the bank; and now he was closeted with the last client of the day—an elderly woman, neatly dressed in the style then common among the class to which she belonged, a short gown over a thick woollen petticoat, a coarse wincey apron, and a close white mutch, with a black hood over it, now thrown back upon her neck, and exposing her fresh, comely face.

A huge spirit-bottle—belonging to the "tappit-hen" variety—half full of whisky, a jug of water, and a tumbler, were on the table beside him.

"Tak' a seat, Lucky," he was saying, "tak' a seat, and I'll be wi' you quam primum!" He had been rummaging through his drawers for some old papers; and musty letters and mildewed processes were scattered in wild disorder on the floor. "The Cairn-catta Mortification—faith it was a mortification to the laird—a sax hundred pounds or thereby oot o' that sour moss to ony hizzy in the parish, forbye the taxed expenses before the Lords. I needna keep the papers—there's nae mair to be made o' *that*, I'm thinkin'," he added pensively, throwing the bundle into the fire, "though it was a guid-gangin' plea for mony a year. The laird's far down the hill, and young Harry's a dour whalp. It needs a lang spoon to sup kail wi' Cloutie; but I ken a thing or twa may bring the lad to reason. The Skilmawhilly Augmentation—a weel-kent case, Lucky, reported at length, wi' mony obiter dicta o' the bigwigs, in the first volume of the 'Decisions of the Faculty.' Auld Skilmawhilly never could thole the minister, and they gaed at it like cat and dog. Sir Islay was coonsel for Dr. Drumly, and it was gran' to hear him proponin' his pleas-in-law for the Kirk.

Whilk, Lucky, were to this effec'," he continued, putting on his horn spectacles, and partly reading from the print, "that, though the infeudation of teinds to laymen was forbidden by Innocent III. under the heavy penalty of the want of Christian burial, and the yet heavier one of eternal damnation, yet that by the Act 1567, cap. 10, commonly known as the Assumption of Thirds, it was enactet that the Commissioners of Plat—and sae on for sixteen pages. Indeed, Lucky, he could speak like a buik, and he drove Skilmawhilly clean dementit, though that daft body Polkemmet ca'd him 'a Hielan' stot'—for, you see, he cam' from the coonty o' Argyll."

At this juncture—Corbie turning round to replenish his glass—the old woman made a nervous attempt to interpose. "Jist for ae minute, Mr. Corbie, for ae minute."

"Presently, presently, Mrs. Cruickshank—what's to hinder you and me having our cracks? Ye'll mind Polkemmet, a daft auld body, as I was sayin', but he loved his joke, and he had a pleasant wut. He sattled Skilmawhilly fairly when the laird took Yonderton to coort for stealin' his bees. Ye see Yonderton's orra man was fast asleep in the field, wi' his head aneath his oxter, when the bees swarmed upon the back pairt o' his person. They fand an auld skep, and were gettin' the swarm fairly skepped when Skilmawhilly cam' on the ground. 'They're my bees,' quoth Skilmawhilly; but Yonderton wudna alloo it; and sae they gaed to the shirra. Skilmawhilly mantee that he followed the bees from his ain door, and saw them swarm where they did. But it was pleaded for Yonderton that, possession being nine-tenths o' the law, they were noo his lawful property; and that though, if they had swarmed on a tree, it might behove the owner to cut the branch, it cudna be expectit that sic a liberty wud be taken wi' his man's legs. So the pleading stood, when Polkemmet, pittin' his wig back, and movin' his chair a bit,—whilk, Lucky, was his manner when he was ready wi' his joke,—said that he was prepared to advise the cause. 'I'm for Yonderton,' says Polkemmet, 'inas-mickle as the bees libelled, from the place they settled, must hae been bumblees.' He! he! he! Ye may believe, Lucky, that they were braw times when Polkemmet was shirra; but it's fifteen year noo, since they made him a lord—a paper lord"—he continued thoughtfully, turning again to the tappit-hen—"a sena-

tor of the College of Justice, whereof I am an unworthy member."

The old woman's impatience could be restrained no longer. "I canna bide, Liar Corbie," she exclaimed; "if ye wunna hear me, I maun e'en haud the gait."

This appeal was attended with success. Corbie lay back in his chair, and the old woman, drawing her seat close to him, began her narrative in a low, confidential tone. For some time he found it hard to keep his mind from wandering (the whisky had begun to tell), and more than once he interrupted her when some familiar technical phrase gave him an opportunity of airing his erudition, and of becoming discursive and anecdotal.

"Ye dinna mean to tell me that you've intromittit wi' the effec's," he exclaimed, when at length the old woman paused for a moment to recover her breath. "Then you're within the ratio decidendi o' the court in the action at the instance o' Umquhile Dagers against Christian Penny, sister to Bessie, who lived in the Longate — ye'll mind Bessie? — in which summons o' poiding, Lucky, it was fand and declared by the Lords, that though the defender had only intromittit wi' a little timber bed and a pint stoup which pertained to the defunct, yet was she liable as universal intromissatrix —"

"O man, what's Christian Penny to me, or Bessie, forby?" cried the old woman, driven fairly desperate. "I cam' to speak to you aboot auld Yokieshill — John Hacket — and ye wunna listen to a word I say."

"Joe Hacket?" the lawyer exclaimed with an oath, rising unsteadily to his feet, "what for did you not speak oot your errand at ance? Keep your seat, my guid freen', keep your seat; but we'll steek the door in the mean time, and syne we'll no be interruptit." He cautiously drew the bolt; and then sitting down close to the old woman, he listened in perfect silence and with the keenest attention to her narrative. The expression of his face changed as she proceeded; before her whispered communication was over he was another man. The story had quite sobered him; and when she had departed he continued to sit and ponder gravely over the dying embers of the peats.

"A deil's bairn," he muttered to himself. "A deil's bairn, did I say? Na — na. The verra deevil incarnate — Hornie himsel'."

At this moment steps were heard outside, the door was violently flung open,

and Captain Knock of the coastguard — "the commodore" as he was called — in his faded naval uniform, entered the office.

"Come awa', Corbie, come awa' — they're waitin' for us at the provost's; the doctor is mad for his rubber. What in the name o' the saints has keepit you sae lang?"

III.

THE Peelboro' worthies of the year one played their nightly rubber at the provost's lodgings — for the provost was a bachelor, and except his housekeeper Maillie — the "provost's ae lass" — had no inconvenient impedimenta. To-night — it was not yet seven o'clock, but in those days they dined in the forenoon — Dr. Caldcail and the provost were seated before the chess-board, with which they were whiling away the time until the other players arrived. The provost was a poor hand at the game, whereas the doctor was an adept at this as at other games requiring skill, coolness, and address. But, as we are waiting, my dear old friends, say, meanwhile, have a paragraph to themselves.

Of Provost Roderick Black it is perhaps enough to say that he was a hero after Mr. Carlyle's heart. He possessed indeed a fine capacity for silence. He had also a fine capacity for snuff. It was insinuated by superficial and discontented burgesses that these were his main characteristics. But that was a mistake, — a most sagacious soul looked out at you from under the shaggy eyebrows. The eye was cloudy, the brow heavy, the limbs loosely put together and ill-arranged; but any one with a knack for construing the hieroglyphics of character could see that behind this rather unpromising exterior there was much to admire and love, — the bland temper, the homely energy, the shrewd integrity of a very genuine and typical Scotsman.

Dr. Caldcail had been coined in an altogether different mint. He was a clergyman belonging to a school of which the last survivor died out when I was a boy. Farmers and theologians; the keen-eyed controversialists of the Church court and the academy, but dull as ditch-water in the pulpit; gay with French *esprit*, but without a spark of spiritual life; who, in a manner, sincerely accepted the statutory creed of the Church, and yet in their life and conversation quietly set aside the Christianity of which they were the official representatives, — it is a perished race. Dr. Caldcail was in person dried

and shrivelled—a piece of parchment or vellum, tough and yellow as leather,—his legs in his tight-fitting gaiters, when he mounted his grey mare, being the merest spindle-shanks. He was a famous chess-player, a famous whist-player, a fine scholar, a man who had spent many years on the Continent, and could speak French and Italian like a native, a *bon vivant*, a gallant among ladies, especially the great ladies at Pittfour and Slains (Jean, Duchess of Gordon, loved him dearly—he played a rubber with her every night when she was drinking the waters); but among his people he affected the bluff and homespun farmer, and was indeed a hard hand at a bargain. He would as soon have parted with a tooth without value as with a shilling, and he never sold the oats or “sma’ corn” off the glebe, except during the famine years when wheat was at 100s. the quarter. He took his snuff with the grace of a courtier. He rapped out his clear, sharp, sententious retorts like pistol-shots. He handled his rapier with the dexterity of a practised dialectician,—as became the friend of David Hume and Voltaire. He was as wiry and vigorous at seventy as he had been at seven-and-twenty,—there was nothing about that spare body of which death or disease could lay hold. Bright, alert, and rapid in the intercourse of society, he was dull and tedious in the pulpit, and a deadly bore in the General Assembly—to which, however, he was sent regularly once a year by his less active brethren.

This was the man who was now indulging in a sort of monologue while he moved his pieces or watched his adversary’s moves. The doctor’s tongue was “aye waggin’,”—even the solemnity of whist could not silence his vivacious commentary,—and of course chess with a much inferior foe was mere child’s play.

“Ha! ha! provost, what say you to that? Queen in check, and impossible to relieve her. Mary Stewart or Marie Antoinette? What precious scamps these French fellows are to be sure—as bad as Geordie Buchanan when he defamed his mistress, or Murray when he sold his sister. You pit the pawn forrit—what’s the gude o’ a pawn? My led-dy’s page wi’ his bit pasteboard sword against Cœur de Lion. But, provost, I never could understand how Davie Hume cared to row in the same boat wi’ Geordie Buchanan. I would as soon lie heads and thraws wi’ that hairy John the Baptist, who is deevin’ the Whinnyfold lads

oot o’ their sma’ wits. O man, but he’s a lousy apostle. Aff goes the queen, and I’ll mak’ you a present o’ the castle. But, as I was sayin’, Davie whiles gaed wrang, aboot Mary Stewart, and miracles, and particular providences, and the standard o’ taste. What could he ken aboot miracles mair than the rest o’ us, and to say that nae weight o’ evidence could persuade him that Lazarus rose from the dead was maist unphilosophical. Deed, my lord, you’re getting into deep water—that king o’ yours is close pressed as Saul at Mount Gilboa, or poor King Jamie on the field o’ Flodden. Not that I wud say a word against David Hume, with whom I had much pleasant converse at Paris when I took the grand tour wi’ my Lord Tillywhilly in the sixty-five—before I was transported to this blessed Bæotia. To think o’ that body Warburton settin’ himsel’ up to refute *him* as he pretendit: he micht as well hae refuted the Bass Rock. Ye wudna daur say check to the king? Faith, provost, I hae you noo. What’s your next move? As sure as gospel that’s a groat into my pocket—we’re playing for groats, mind. Fritz himsel’ could not have pued his men together after sic an unspeakable and unaccountable blunder. There are mair things in heaven and earth in the way o’ perfec’ unreasonableness than the unassisted intellect is capable o’ conceiving. Never lose your temper, laird; it’s neither dulce nor decorum to fa’ into a fit. Put on the pieces, and I’ll gie you a knight. A knight, and we’ll mak it saxpence this time. But you maun look sharper after your queen—you had a keen eye ance for the queans, provost, if a’ tales be true—*Gratia solutis sonis*, as the poet says. O the little rogues!—there were some remarkably fine women at Paris in the sixty-five! And to think how many o’ my auld acquaintance are dead! Whist! whist! my lord. We have nae confession in the Kirk o’ Knox, at least between auld haverels like you and me, and a minister of the gospel is bound to walk warily. Surely that’s Corbie and the captain in the street. Lord, how it blows! there’s mair than the east wind lowse this nicht! Bring up the haddies, Maillie, and I’ll look oot the Glendronoch—*Dis-sipat Euius curas edaces*—it’s a fine speerit, Glendronoch (tho’ it needs mixing), and as the auld abbé used to say to me when uphauding purgatory, ‘Ye may gang farer and fair waur.’”

“And here’s the buiks,” says the provost, bringing out a well-thumbed pack of

cards, as Corbie and the captain enter the room.

"I say with Jack Cade," the doctor exclaims cheerily, as he clears the table, "the first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers."

"We'll finish the rubber first, if you please," says the provost, with a chuckle, as they cut for partners.

So they sat down; and for two or three hours the game proceeded with varying luck amid comparative silence.

The wind had risen during the evening, and now it was blowing a gale. There was no sound in the streets, except the rattling of the windows and the distant roll of the surf—the town's people, for the most part, were safe abed. Early to bed and early to rise made us healthy, wealthy, and wise in the year one. The second rubber had newly begun, when there was a modest rap at the street door, and Maillie entering, announced—

"It's Watty Troup"—Watty was the burgh idiot—"speerin' for sneeshin'."

But that was hours ago, and they were preparing to lay aside the cards and gather round the blazing peats for the final tumbler and the penultimate "eke," when a louder and more peremptory knock arrested the players.

"Here's Alister Ross," said Maillie, opening the door, "wants to see the captain."

"Bring him ben," quoth the provost. A remarkably handsome young fellow in the uniform of the coastguard, carrying a cutlass of the old-fashioned pattern, and with a pistol in his belt, entered the room.

"What's up, Alister?" said the captain huskily to his subordinate. "What's up? What an infernal din the wind is making! Speak oot, man."

"I don't think it will last, sir; it is taking round to the land, and the fog is rising. But I've just heard that the 'Crookit Meg' was seen aff Rattray Head this morning."

"D—n the 'Crookit Meg.' She's the curse o' the coast," sputtered the captain. "But they can't land a keg to-night,—Skipper Dick himself couldn't make the Bloody Hole in this fog, and the wind blowing dead in shore. There'll be a heavy sea aff Dunbui: he'll not risk it."

"That's true, sir; but they might run round to the Ward, and if I'm not wrong, it will be clear before daylight. I'd better warn our men at Whinnyfold."

"Ay, ay, my lad, aff wi' you—the 'Crookit Meg' and them on board o' her are kittle cattle. And—Alister—a word

in your ear. I'm an auld man and ye're a young ane. Dinna lippen to that little quean, Eppie Holdfast—there's mair maidens than mawkins in this country, and mony a strappin' lass is thinkin' lang for a stoot lad. Hoot awa', man, dinna glower; that hizzie is no to be trusted. She'll beguile you if she can. Her brither's on board the lugger, and it's my opinion Harry Hacket kens mair o' baith the cutties than he wud care to tell at the town-cross."

So Alister went out into the darkness, and the captain returned to his cronies, who were gathered cosily round the fire.

The captain was a well-known figure in Peelboro'—a short, stout man, with a face like a harvest moon—a face beaming with whisky and fun—but without any neck to speak of; so that when he became hilarious towards the end of the evening he would go off every now and again into a sort of apoplectic fit, from which he would emerge out of breath, and with the tears running out of his honest eyes—testifying to the violence of the process of recovery. His friends were used to these paroxysms of choking, and allowed him to take his own time in coming to. What between spitting, and sputtering, and stuttering, he was not what is called a ready speaker; but, on the other hand, he had a vast command of "nautical" language, and a very vivid and prolific fancy—in short, he swore like a trooper and lied like Munchausen. But he was a general favorite, and he was specially popular with his men; for he had a kind heart (that universal solvent), an open hand, and an unquenchable thirst for "news."

"Ha! ha! captain, this breeze will bring the woodcock across the water; we must have a day on the Ardlaw. That's the cover for a cock."

"The cover for a cock!" sputtered the captain, attempting to relight his pipe, which had a chronic habit of going out. "There's not a decent cover on this side o' Benachie. Give me the Loch o' Skene for cocks, ay! and for jacks too. Why, doctor, when I used to shoot there wi' auld Pitfoddels, we could have walked across the loch on their backs!"

"Noo, captain, that's a lee," said Corbie, who as the night advanced was apt to grow pugnacious and opinionative.

The captain began to spit and stutter, but before he could bring his guns into position to open fire on the enemy, the agile doctor interposed.

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a' ken Corbie. His bark's waur than his bite. And Pitfoddels was that *rara avis*," he went on, trying to create a diversion — "that *rara avis*, an honest lawyer. Ha! ha! Corbie, what say you to that, my man?"

"There's mair honest lawyers than honest ministers, doctor. That's what I say. The canon law compared with the ceevil is superficial, unphilosophical, and sophistical."

"The civil law!" the doctor retorted. "Why, the men who made it — if my friend Gibbon is right — were some of the greatest scoundrels unhung."

The lawyer was fairly roused. "Ye ken little of the Roman law, my freen, of whilk in its main features the Scots is a verra reasonable imitation. The Romans were a great people, and their law is a maist remarkable system o' jurisprudence. They had a perfec' respect for fac's — ay, captain, a perfec' respect for fac'. For what says the 'Corpus Juris'? Nam plus valet quod in veritate est, quam quod in opinione. That's the main distinction, doctor, between the lawyer and the minister, — the lawyer seeks diligently for facts which he can verify, the minister blethers aboot a hash o' doctrines which are incapable of identification. Nor did Justinian — if ye like to ca' the hail body o' laws after the ruler in whose reign they were codified — haud wi' your Whig freens on this side, or your French freens on the tither side o' the water. Dootless we have made changes in oor laws, says he, but why? — quod non innovationem induximus, sed quoniam æquius erat."

"He had mighty peculiar views about the liberty of the subject, one has heard," the doctor (who was suspected of occasionally drinking Fox's health in the retirement of his back parlor) remarked as he emptied his glass; "and he was always braggin' about the morality of *his* time — nice morality indeed!"

"It's impossible to dispute," the lawyer went on gravely, "that the institution of slavery, to which I presume you allude, was an institution of the Roman State recognized and protected by the ceevil law. The slave, nae doobt, and ilka article he possessed, belanged to his owner. Ipse enim servus, qui in potestate alterius est, nihil suum habere potest. Perfectly true, doctor, and in the revolted colonies o' the king, ca'ing themselves a republic — which may the Lord confound! — the same inequality, as ye ken weel, obtains. But then it was verra notably provided by the ceeveelians that the children of slaves

were not to be considered as the mere fruit o' the soil, or classified wi' calves and watermelons — enim absurdum videbatur, hominem in fructu esse; cum omnes fructus rerum natura gratia hominis comparaverit; whilk —"

"Much good it did them!" said the doctor.

"Whilk," Corbie continued, disregarding the interruption, "was an implied acknowledgment of the natural leeberty o' the subject, whereof your Maryland democraw is not capable. Ye may ca' it a fictio juris if it pleases you; but whar will you find a fiction like that which exempted the father o' the son wha died in battle from the burden o' tutelage which attached to him wha had na bairns? He was not childless, for his bairn still lived. Hi enim, qui pro republica ceciderunt, in perpetuum per gloriam vivere intelliguntur!"

By this time Corbie had talked himself into high good humor and comparative sobriety, and when shortly afterwards the party broke up, he took the commodore under his wing, and saw him safely housed.

"The maut's aboon the meal wi Corbie," the doctor said to himself, as he strolled towards the manse; "but what a lawyer's lost because he canna drink in moderation!"

IV.

THE streets were wet with mist when the young coastguardsman opened the provost's door. An occasional oil-lamp shone with a sort of nebulous radiance into the thick fog; but a good deal of circumspection was needed to avoid the pitfalls on either side of the narrow footway. He met no one except one solitary woman with a child in her arms, who came towards him as he quitted the town. The wind had driven her long hair into her eyes, and she looked, as far as he could judge in the uncertain light, poverty-stricken and dishevelled. "It's no a nicht for the likes o' you to be oot, my lass," he said to her kindly, as a fierce blast nearly tore the rags from her back, and the infant out of her arms. "The likes o' me!" she replied, with a hoarse, hysterical sob, as she disappeared into the darkness.

Alister had now left all the streets behind him; but a single light still burned ahead. The house from which it proceeded stood on the very margin of the sea — between the sea and the roadway. The outer door was partially open, and

pausing for a moment before he entered, Alistair gazed into the room from which the light came. It was an ordinary cottage interior—a but and a ben; in what appeared to be the kitchen a bed was let into the wall, and at the bedside there was a shelf for books, on which some half-dozen volumes were deposited. A very old man sat on a three-legged stool before the fire—an old, spare, and wizened man, in a homespun suit of corduroys, with a square leather apron fastened close up to his chin, and a pair of horn spectacles upon his nose. The spectacles appeared to be more for ornament than use,—the wearer looked over them, not through them. Shrewd, sagacious eyes planted in a face which must always have been strongly marked, and which was now deeply lined by ruts which time and care had worn. Shrewd grey eyes, yet with that dreamy light in them that denotes the passion of the student or the abstraction of the mystic. The lamp was hung on the wall, and the light fell full upon the volume which lay on his knee—a folio volume printed in picturesque old-fashioned type, and held together by quaintly-worked clasps of brass or tarnished silver—the sort of book which used to lie about many an English farmhouse, and now at Christie's or Sotheby's is worth its weight in gold.

This was the cottage which Adam Meldrum had occupied for many years.

Alistair paused a moment, and then pushing back the door entered the room. A pleasant, cordial warmth came into the old man's face, as he laid aside his book.

"Dinna move, Uncle Ned, I canna bide. I'm awa' to the Ward, where it's like enough the 'Crookit Meg' will be afore me. But it's a wild night,—I wonder you left the door aff the sneck."

"I forgot it," said the old man simply. There was a wonderful gentleness and sweetness in the voice.

"I see how it is—you have been at the auld plays again. I wish I could stay, Uncle Ned, for a screed of 'Hamlet' or 'Henry V.:' but I just lookit in to say that you might bar the door, for I canna be back before morning. Only I had best tak' the lantern wi' me—the mist's verra thick, and the road across the Saddle Hill is no' fit for a Christian—even in daylight."

Alistair lighted his dark lantern, and the old man went with him to the door.

"The mist's rising," he said, looking round the sky; "and the moon will be up by one. I promised to get a tarrock's

wing for Eppie. It's a sin to kill the puir birds, but she's a wifu' lass, and wins her way wi' maist o' us. Look round by Pothead as you are passing the morn's morn, and you'll maybe find me at Charlie's Howff. Gude nicht, my lad—God bless you."

"Gude nicht, daddy, gude nicht."

There is something always strangely impressive in passing out of the noise and bustle of a crowded city into the darkness—in exchanging the light and warmth of human life for the vast spaces of the night, and the solemn company of the stars. You become at once a citizen of an altogether different world, and invert at a step your relationships. The interests of the streets out of which you have passed cease to be engrossing; these are the self-same stars under which the ships of Ulysses sailed; that is the Greater Bear, that the Lesser, and that the belt of Orion. And if, as on this evening, a thick, wet mist hides the stars, and disturbs in a portentous way the proportions of the objects on the roadway or by the roadside, the effect is hardly less striking. As Alistair with the occasional aid of his dark lantern felt his way through the darkness, he could hear the roll of the surf at his feet muffled by the mist, and the occasional plaint of a plover as it rose from the beach and went past him on the wind to the inland mosses. From Bowness, where the fisher-people stay—Bowness itself being blotted out by the mist—the old road leaves the shore and mounts the hillside, thus cutting off that extremest angle of the land from whence the lighthouse flashes its welcomes and its warnings across the deep. At the summit of the Saddle Hill there is the Alehouse tavern—a hostelry well known in the old posting days when this was the sole road to the south. Alistair did not meet a living creature; only when near the summit, looking in a break of the fog across the peat-hags, he saw that lights were flitting about the mansion-house of Yokieshill—where "auld Laird Hacket" lived.

On reaching the hostelry he found the house still open, and men and women on the move. A horse, steaming in the mist, stood saddled at the door.

"What's up, my man?" he said to the ostler; "you're late to-night."

"It's young Hacket," Jock the ostler replied, pointing with his thumb across his shoulder. "He's speakin' a word wi' the mistress. They say the auld laird's in the dead thraws. God save us—it's a

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wild nicht for flittin'. Yokieshill is sair to pairt wi' his gear; he wunna dee, he swears, till he sees his liar, and Harry's awa to the Broch to fetch Corbie. There's been some queer splores up the glen if a' the folk says is true —"

"Stand out of the way, you lout," said a deep voice at his elbow, and throwing himself on his horse, young Hacket galloped off into the mist.

Jock shook his fist at the vanishing figure. "If he disna keep a ceevil tongue in his ugly head, the unhangt thief," he muttered, as he retreated to his den in the loft among the straw.

Alister resumed his march. He had by this time passed the crest of the hill, and had begun the descent to the low-lying lands of the Ward. On this side the fog had lifted. The vast expanse of a boundless ocean was dimly visible in the starlight. He passed Fontainbleau lying high and cold among its rocks; and his heart beat more rapidly as he noticed that a light was still burning in an upper room of the lofty farmhouse. "It's Eppie's room," he whispered softly to himself. The surf was thundering up the beach at Longhaven; the spray that came from the Bloody Hole wetted his face. At this moment a shrill whistle roused him from his dreams. He paused abruptly, laying his hand on the pistol in his belt. The whistle was thrice repeated, a whistle that to a less attentive ear might have passed for the cry of a startled whaup. Then a dim figure cautiously approached, and a low voice said: "Is that you, Harry Hacket? They're waitin' for you at Hell's Lum." Then the speaker paused for a second, and then with a startled oath, "By the Lord, it's the gauger," disappeared as swiftly and noiselessly as he had come.

Alister hurried on. "It's impossible they can land to-night," he muttered as he heard the surf boiling among the fissures along the coast. But he hurried on until he had reached the Hawklaw, a vast mound of sand that rises among the bents of the Ward. From thence he could see the whole Bay of Slains. The bay was white with foam. The waves were rolling up whitely upon the sand. Then he went on to the station, where he found one of the men standing at the door with his pipe in his mouth.

"Well, Colin, anything up?" he asked.

"Tim noticed a smart craft in the offing just before sundown. It had the raking masts of the 'Crookit Meg,' but they must have changed the rig. It bore

away to the south. Tim went down to Collieston to see the captain; it's no possible they can land this side o' Newburgh. There was a bleeze on the Hill o' Gask after dark, but it might have been the lads at Achmagatt firin' the whins."

A bright peat fire was blazing within. Alister threw himself upon the unoccupied bed in the guard-room, telling Colin to waken him if the wind went down.

But there was no word of the "Crookit Meg" that night.

V.

DR. CALDCAIL was an early riser, and when he looked out next morning from his bedroom window, the wind had fallen, the sparrows were chirping cheerily among the boor-tree bushes, and the October sea was sparkling in the October sunshine. The manse was built just outside the burgh — the Peel-burn separating it from the Kirkton — on a pleasant eminence above the beach. Adam Meldrum's cottage stood on the other side of the high road, closer to the sea, and thus the minister and the old boat-builder and bird-stuffer were next-door neighbors. The alliance between these curiously assorted friends was very close and cordial. "Uncle Ned" never went to church; but the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, good-humoredly accepted the situation. "I make no man's creed but my own," he said with Swift; and to him the Dean of St. Patrick's, after David Hume, was the first of men. Neither Adam nor the doctor was an unbeliever; but both were old men who had seen much of life; and while most of the doctor's convictions had by wear and tear grown thin and tentative and provisional, Adam had drifted away into a theology of his own — a theology extracted mainly from the Old Testament, the plays of Shakespeare, the "Religio Medici," and Edwards's "Ornithology." Uncle Ned had as much contempt for the doctor's sermons as the doctor himself could possibly have had; preaching was the process by which his friend "gat that trash aff his stomach," the absence of which made him a honester and wholesomer companion.

Adam, as I have said, was partly boat-builder and partly bird-stuffer; this morning, seated on a three-legged stool, he was hammering away at an old boat. It was placed on a slip which he had constructed close to his cottage, so that in either capacity he had his tools at hand. The doctor, strolling down to the beach in his slippers after his early breakfast, greeted

his neighbor with a jest and a quotation, as was his wont:—

"On such a stool immortal Alfred sat!"

"Ay, doctor, but he lat the cakes singe."

"And you object to the comparison? Good; but tell me, my learned Theban, why Shakespeare did not put Alfred into a play?"

"That's a question that neither you nor me can answer—nor yet the General Assembly. Nae livin' man can tell what Shakespeare would, or could, or should hae done in any conceivable circumstances—he is just simply unaccountable."

"But where's the young fellow, Alister Ross? Is he on a journey, or making love or making war, or baith? It's a presentable lad, let me tell you, and they think a deal of him up the way."

"Alister gaed to the Ward last night; he was to have been back early. I partly promised to meet him at—Fontainebleau."

The doctor gave a whistle. "Sits the wind in that quarter, eh?"

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

But don't let him burn his fingers with that little French witch; she's not a craft to ride the water wi'."

"Eppie is a gude lass in the main," said Adam, "though ill-guidit it may be."

"Tush! I forgot that she, too, is one of your scholars. But just give Alister a hint: I saw her at the Memsie ploy, and I didn't quite like the way she was carrying on with Harry Hacket. An honest lass should keep clear of that nice young man. By the way, what's become of Lizzie Cheeves?"

"They tell me she's somewhere about the Kirkcoun — wi' her bairn. Puir lass!"

"Ay, ay, Adam; there's a heavy account some folks will have to settle by-and-by. Baith you and me believe that, if we believe naething mair. And there's little to choose between us, if brimstone disna lee."

"That's true, sir. Heaven is aboon a' yet; there sits a judge that nae king can corrupt. I howld wi' you and wi' Shakespeare, baith respectable authorities. I mind weel the day," he continued, "when Rob Cheeves was married on Esther Pratt—they were a happy and a handsome pair. He was keeper at Yokieshill; he had been twenty year with the laird. Mony a queer outlandish bird he has sent

me, for Rob was a dead shot. It never was known how he cam' by the mischance: some said that the gun burst, others that it was the laird's doing in ane o' his mad fits. Howsomever he lost his place—they were ever hard folk the Hackets—and syne he lost heart and was gude for naething. I was coming hame early ae summer morn from the Teal Moss, where I had been seekin' a strange deuck's nest, when I saw a woman sittin' by the dyke side wi' her head in her apron. It was Esther Pratt. Puir Rob had tried a rash cure! The doctor could do naething for his crippled leg, and Rob kent that he was a sair burden upon the wife, wha was workin' her fingers to the bone to keep him, and so—and so—'Esther,' he had said to her wi' his last breath, 'I could wark nane for mysel', and I was just hinderin' you.'"

"A pitiful story, indeed!"

"Ay, but that's no the warst. When they were turned awa' by the auld laird, young Hacket kent brawly hoo it was with the bonnie bit lass that had been the sunshine o' her father's hoose. She was little better than a bairn; and he lat her leave wi'oot a word. He never lookit near them again. And ye ken what Lizzie is noo! 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay;' but, doctor, if Rob had lived, the loan would hae been repaid lang syne—wi' usury."

"All in good time, my friend. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding sure.' *Dii laeas habent pedes*. And troth here comes Corbie himsel', on auld Jess, hittin' her feet at ilka step; a wisp o' tow round her hind legs, my man, and ye wudna mak' sic a noise in the world. Truly, the body's lookin' gash. What ails you, Corbie? Have you no word for a freen? Though your glorification o' the ceevil law was maist unceevil, and ye might hae letten the captain draw his lang bow at pleasure—it hurts naeboddy—I bear no malice."

But Corbie, looking like a man who has got a mortal scare, and turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, went straight on to "the Royal," where he stabled his steed. Then the news got abroad. The laird of Yokieshill was dead, and Corbie (a ghastly comforter) had been with him till he died. But the dying man had been unable to sign the will which the lawyer had prepared. It was of no consequence, however, Corbie explained, with a curiously absent and preoccupied air, as he quitted the grey-gabled house among the moors—of no

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consequence; the deed had only declared Harry to be—what in point of law he was without any deed whatever—owner of Yokieshill, sole heir to his father's goods and gear, heritable and movable.

The minister and Uncle Ned looked at each other. "There's something in the wind yonder," said the former. "Faugh!" he added, as a whiff of stale fish and blubber was wafted across the bay, "I am of Sir Toby's opinion, 'A plague o' these pickle herrings!'"

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

AN INDO-ANGLIAN POET.

I AM afraid it will be always very difficult to make the British public understand that the Indian question is a home question. Notwithstanding that we have become imperial in our actions, we remain in our feelings insular. The fact is shown beyond all doubt by the relative popularity of English fiction. Let ever so great a novel-writer select a foreign scene for the incidents of his story, and that story falls flat and does not get up again. George Eliot's "Romola" is but one example out of hundreds. We English must be familiar with the place written about before we can take an interest in the *dramatis personæ*; let the scene be placed at home, and we can find some likeness for it in our own experience; but with "foreign parts" we have, as a rule, not sufficient knowledge to permit of domestic sympathy with their inhabitants. This is a truth that travelled and cultured persons are slow to learn, but it cannot be gainsaid. To the ordinary mind the "unknown" may be "magnificent" but it is not attractive. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider the exceeding difficulty which foreigners—even the very pick of them—have in representing to themselves how life goes on with us. Victor Hugo has been in England, I believe; yet what English writer, however inferior to him—nay, however crude and ignorant—could have portrayed the English so absurdly as he has done in "*L'Homme qui Rit*," for instance? Even in literary criticism, which to an alien is comparatively easy work, what mistakes have men like Guizot and Taine committed!

For a long time in India there have been efforts made by natives of position—chiefly Parsees—to become not only proficient in the English tongue, but to

assimilate themselves to English habits and customs. I do not know whether they have given up the personal worship of the sun—which they certainly would have to do, if they visited us under present circumstances—but they have become, as they flatter themselves, thoroughly anglicized, and have written several books about us. They even publish a magazine in our language—or in what they confidently believe to be such—which is certainly amusing, and in its way instructive, for it shows the utter hopelessness of our becoming intelligible to them. I have not a word to say against this meritorious periodical, nor, indeed, against Indo-Anglian literature generally; but it is just as well that folks at home should know what it is. There is so much rubbish talked about the growing sympathy of native races with ourselves, and of "the giant strides" which their intelligence is taking, that an exhibition of the latest specimen may be wholesome.

To expose the shortcomings of the work in question is not a pleasant task, for the author of it is very young—"just verging," as he expresses it, "on his twenty-first year of mortality;" but the fact is, his faults are not those of immaturity, but of that ignorance and misconception of English life and thought which lie at the root of all that has been written of us by his fellow-countrymen. I do not mention the writer's name, for obvious reasons; suffice it to say that it is in a good many syllables, and utterly unpronounceable; but the work in question is to be obtained in a certain Indian capital of the famous publishers, "Gopal, Navazen, and Co., in the Kalbedevi Road." It is called "Courting the Muse," and is a selection of poems. "Such a gift of genius from India," says the author, "is rare" (though not so rare as he imagines). "The association of ideas of the late lamented Miss Todd Dutt, of Bengal, were altogether English and Parisienne; and though, as a native of India, she may be classed among her shining offspring, indeed her best place is at the side of the latest French writers."

Notwithstanding this modest compliment to Miss Dutt our "original and genuine muse," as he calls himself, is not deficient in self-confidence; he shows that to have "a gude conceit o' oursels" is not peculiar to the thermal line of Edinburgh; and, to begin with, in the dedication of his poem, he appeals to the Creator himself.

Oh, Thou, who made the heavens, created earth!

The sun, the moon! from its primitive birth!
And all the stars that lustrous shine at night!
And the deep waters, moving murmuring white!

Who destined man o'er universe preside!
And reason, intellect given for his guide!
Thine aid I implore; would that thou inspire
My song and make it worthy of the lyre.

I cannot conscientiously say that this gentleman's prayer was heard. "The Queen of Peristan," his most ambitious poem, is dreadful. It is like "Lalla Rookh" with the sense and the grammar taken out of it. His reflections upon human life are obviously, indeed, borrowed from Moore (when he was "Little"), but not his rhymes.

How many wait for nuptial day's approach,
How many ask for wealth, and four and coach!

(This is really charming; and yet, if coach-and-four, why *not* four-and-coach?)

How many maids for Hymen's waters thirst!
How many 'buse the bachelors accurst!
How many younglings wish for wedlock's joys!
As wife were simple plaything, doll, or toys!
How many trothed awaited their honeymoon!
How many look on woman's death a boon!

(Here, it strikes one, there is need of a commentator. I think the poet means that if we really knew the fair sex as they are, we should wish them all in heaven.)

How many better do marry age — and wealth
And joys with others, husbands kept by stealth!
How many duchesses, countesses, misses,
Do pass in balls as veteran mistresses!

Here it is obvious that instead of "How many" the poet should have written "How few." But what a picture of society! Let us hope he does not draw it from his personal observations of Anglo-Indian life. If he does, where does he get his duchesses from?

Let us now take our "original and genuine muse" in his devotional attitude. It will be observed that in "A Parsee's Prayer" the fervor of his religious feeling gets so much the better of him as somewhat to obscure the sense and meaning.

Trembling and pale before thee stands

Oh, Lord, thy humble minion.

On me, oh, pour with blissful hands

The joy, the hope, the peace. Thou lenient.

This is very subtle. Is it possible, in connection with "pouring," that the last line should read —

The joy, the hope, the peace, the *liniment*?

It may be urged that this does not rhyme; but it rhymes as well as the other.

Unconscious unto sin betrayed
A devout redemption implore.
Let Ardibesht preside o'er fate
And Tir the granaries restore.

Let Berthram give his helping hand
To virtue, decency, and truth,
And Plenty rule o'er smiling land
Thro' Angel Meher forsooth.

What the deuce does he mean by "forsooth"? And, indeed, what does it all mean? If that is a Parsee prayer, surely even the worst of infidels will prefer Christianity. There is, however, a certain confusion of religious creeds, and a vagueness as to the personages appealed to, which, in these days of pantheism, may have its admirers. I confess to having myself taken a fancy to Ardibesht, a name that strikes me as being properly some other name thus pronounced under the influence of intoxication.

I cannot refrain from remarking, by-the-by, in spite of the author's appeal to Berthram to give his helping hand in the matter of "decency," that that deity has not always done so. However, there are spots in the sun; so it is not to be expected that his mere worshippers should be without them. Where our author is at his weakest is in sarcasm. He has given us a poem in the style and metre of "Don Juan" which is, perhaps, the worst that has ever obtained the honors of print. It is directed against our social vices; but, fortunately for us, wherever he intends to be extraordinarily severe, he becomes completely unintelligible.

Such rows are very common at the 'Change,
In London, the resort of wealth and fashion,
Where men never cheat, but purses sharp
Estrange,

So honorable is their intention;
While women sleep for pennies at the Grange,
So damned to shame is their wicked passion.

If Indians for a moral place you seek,
I recommend you London safe for a week.

It seems evident that in the third line of this noble verse our author had some muddle in his mind connected with Shakespeare's "the wise do call convey," but for the rest he must have drawn his inspiration and his rhymes, if from any known writer, from the poet Close. His knowledge of London, I fear, has been derived from some practical joker; though his way of expressing it is all his own. He retains the same unapproachable style

in describing Indian life. Here is a picture of what India was before the English rule:—

No lavished charges burthened then the state;
Not thousands were the order of those days;
No separate plans Europeans procreate,
Or "more for whites" was not the rulers' craze:
Not choicest bits assigned at highest rate
To them alone—as modern India pays
Even to idiots—with horses, garden, hansom,
Clear two thousand every mensem.

In his intense indignation the poet really seems to take leave of sense and even sound, just as a very angry man is obliged to sputter instead of speak. It is quite a relief to come upon four consecutive lines—when he is thus moved—which are intelligible, or nearly so.

Oh, English, Scottish, Irish whites, that haunt
Our Indian soil and cling to it like leeches,
Remember, ere our humbleness you taunt,
That most of you when come had no whole breeches.

On the other hand, our author acknowledges what good we bring with us, as in the impassioned verse beginning—

How mild and gentle, guileless, obliging,
Is that Young Man's Christian Association,
etc., etc.

As a humorous work, intended to be so, but only funny when it strays into seriousness, this poem is, in short, without a rival.

The "Elegy on the Cabul Embassy" has also not often been surpassed.

Peace to the perturbed spirits of those dead!
Peace may ye find in heaven's unclouded skies;

May blood-red flowers illumine o'er your bed
To trickle tears from posterity's eyes.

Calm be your rest who fought so bold, unworn!
Calm be your graves as joined in death as life!

Calm be the hearts that spouseless, sonless
mourn!

Calm the revenge, calm the avenging strife!

After such lines as these it seems to be superfluous to have an erratum, with "Please read kingdoms for kigdoms," in it. It is with a great sense of relief that we turn from our author's elegiac stanzas to his amatory poems.

To Polly the younger I love her so strong
That wherever she linger my heart goes along;
In the ball, at the dance, on the ring for skaters,
Or volunteer's advance 'tis Polly me fetters.

In the landau driven what transport divine
Finds echo in my haven as her eyes meet mine.

On the stand, on the bunder, with music's soft
trills,
When her papa goes under, what coos and
what bills!

I wonder what the poet means by his proposed father-in-law "going under." Does he mean under the table, where he is naturally incapable of perceiving what is going on? That it has some reference to his being overcome with liquor seems clear, since a later verse runs thus:—

When lo her father entered, all brandy and gin,
But his head had not centred on our scene.

I have heard of a "head-centre," but never before of a head "centred." There are many new things, however, in English literature to be learned from the Indo-Anglians.

Finally, to show how accurately these gentlemen gauge the sentiments and feelings of even the females of our race, I will quote the poem entitled "A Bombay Lady's Complaint."

Oh for those stately ced'r and oak
My anxious heart repines,
And country chimneys' morning smoke
And tender drooping vines!

Oh for the hawthorn bush and glade
That sloped the hill adown,
And minster spire's uptowering head,
Adorned with clock and crown!

Oh for my redbreast robin's voice,
And bittern's early song;
Oh for the whitened fields and snows
Of Lincoln's Norman-Long.

Oh for the river barque to glide
Along the gravel shore;
Oh for my Bella's gentle stride—
This Bombay seems a bore.

Oh for the evening walks and drives
Along the park and green,
And for the happy parson's wives,
So chatty though so mean!

There is much more to the same effect. But observe the "redbreast robin," and compare it with the "four and coach." Where on earth did our author get the notion that English ladies rise early in the morning to hear the bittern? Having read about "pluralists," he perhaps thinks it is only "local coloring" to speak of "parson's wives." However, he is convinced, as are other Indo-Anglian writers, that he knows all about us.

"What have I written" (he means "what I have written") "your own annals show."

Your English books, periodicals are at hand,
From which I cull, etc., etc.

So that he appears at least to possess some data. And yet, what comes of it? I really do hope — having dropped money into missionary-boxes in my time — that we know more about the natives of India than they know about us; otherwise, I should like that money returned.

JAMES PAYN.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE PROPER USE OF THE CITY
CHURCHES.

It is reported that to the accomplished and intended destruction of city churches will shortly be added the demolition of Sion College, one of the most interesting buildings in the heart of London.

The city has too few ancient monuments that we should part with one of them without regret, and too few open spaces to give up even so small a one as the quadrangle of Sion College without at least a protest against the ground being covered by warehouses for buttons and tape. If, indeed, the clergy of Sion College need a larger room in which to meet, it would seem far better that they should occasionally take a public hall for their purpose away from the rest of their building.

The value of such a quiet nook, of so peaceful a library, of the time-worn building, seems far to outweigh any mere utilitarian arguments which may be brought forward on the other side. The interest that attaches to such a spot may perhaps be sentimental, but it is surely much when sentiment can cling round a space in the busy city, which certainly does not suffer from an excess of that quality. It is to be feared that if Sion College goes, so will also go its neighbor, the precious relic of old London Wall, which stands opposite its gateway; and two more links which connect London with its past will be swept away forever beyond recovery.

No amount of money, even for a deserving charity, no extended room for the irritating volumes of modern theological controversy, no amount of space in which parsons of different schools should exercise their lungs, can weigh for one moment in my mind against the arguments for retaining the building where and as it now is. But the reckless spirit of destruction which sweeps away every old monument because its use is not at the moment apparent, is unlikely to stay its hand at the gateway of Sion College. It,

too, will probably have to disappear, as well as many of the churches, the incumbents of which have been *ex officio* fellows of the college.

Attached to almost every church in the city has been its small churchyard, and with the demolition of the church there comes, only too often, the block of buildings over not only its site, but its neighboring consecrated enclosure, so that another of the rare, if small, open spaces is lost to the city.

Now these spaces are not only ventilating shafts through which a purer air may drop into the midst of the crowded town, but the actual trees or shrubs which are, or may be, planted in them, are a rest to the tired brain and eye, none the less real because those who benefit by them are perhaps unconscious of their subtle influence. To many who daily pass through Stationers' Hall Court, the great plane-tree in the middle of that otherwise sordid enclosure brings precisely the same rest, in kind, though not, of course, in degree, that the Alps bring to the tired worker on his yearly holiday. There are many who, on their way from station or omnibus to places of business, deliberately go a few steps aside, in order to pass that and other trees which grow in the few quiet corners still left to London. In the churches themselves there are to be found old monuments, old decorations, precious relics of past years, old pictures, and, not least, old customs. The churches have curiously tended to preserve the memory of days when they were almost in the fields, when even the city of London was not unlike some of our larger country villages, in that the streets and lanes still preserve the old church paths, and mark the boundaries of parishes.

To the archaeological student these are of the highest value, and they link us with the past in perfectly unexpected ways. It may not be generally known that there are shrines in the city, to which, in spite of the Protestantism of three hundred years, Catholic pilgrimages are even now, though secretly, performed; and Pilgrim Street is still worn by the steps of those who are devoutly led to where once stood the shrine of St. Paul, as well as by the hundreds who hurry to Ludgate Hill Terminus.

London is again, in spite of the many exaggerations of modern architects, tending to become what once it was, a singularly beautiful town. Sir Christopher Wren knew perfectly well what he was about when, in rebuilding the city after

the great fire, he designed the steeples of his various churches to harmonize with his great work at St. Paul's, the effect of which on the mind Mr. J. J. Stevenson, in his recent work on "House Architecture," compares to that of a great mountain.

It is the most reckless vandalism to destroy what of beauty is left, and it would seem little to ask, but more than has been granted, that at least those who pull down the churches might leave, for beauty's sake, the towers and spires still standing.

It is not, however, on these grounds, strong as they are, that I would rest my real argument for the preservation of city churches and city parishes. The reason for which they have been condemned has been a plausible one. The population, we are told, has left the city: there is no one to go to church. All round the city there has grown up a ring of dense population, for whom there is no church accommodation. Pull down, therefore, the useless buildings; unite three or four parishes into one; apply the funds to the erection of churches in the suburbs; replace what is now a sham by a reality.

These arguments seem to break down on every point. The population has not left the city; on the contrary, there is no spot in the world where so many human beings are crowded for the greater part of each week as the city of London.

If the bishops and other supporters of this spoliation scheme are going in for the extreme Protestant notion that Sunday is the only day on which men have souls to be saved, or can worship God, let them by all means be consistent and abolish the Prayer-book, which speaks of daily prayer, and has singularly little recognition of Sunday.

I maintain that there is absolutely no place on earth in which a multiplicity of church services might be so well attended, or prove such a refreshment to the weary, such a healing to the worn spirit, as the city of London; that there is scarcely any place in which a wise clergyman would have so great opportunities of usefulness among the young, the active, the intellectual, the sceptical, and the curious—in fact, among just those classes at whom the parson hardly ever gets.

Of course, if a London incumbent sticks to his dreary routine of "Dearly beloved brethren," and his no less dreary sermon, he can do nothing; but he will do much if he chooses to adapt himself to the needs of his strange, abnormal, gigantic population.

Not long ago an experiment of the kind I mean was tried at St. Ethelburga's in Bishopsgate Street on Wednesdays and Fridays, and, I think, every day during Lent and Advent. There was a short choral service at a quarter past one, lasting from twenty minutes to half an hour. The church was crammed at every one of these services; and such also, I believe, has been the result in like cases. But there came a foolish outcry about Ritualism, to which the parson no less foolishly yielded, and the church was closed.

What I want to see is the same sort of thing done in many churches. There are congregations for them all, and not only for one, but for several services at each. Let any city incumbent honestly try the experiment of having a short service at one or more hours in the middle of every day, between twelve and two o'clock. Such service might consist of a couple of chanted psalms, a short lesson, two or three collects, and a metrical hymn.

Let the parson send round to the houses of business within the parish a short circular stating what he means to do, and his wish to gather about him a voluntary choir. Let him, I should say, carefully eschew anything in the way of a sermon, except that perhaps occasionally, and not as of set purpose, he might speak a very few words of explanation or exhortation after the lesson. Let him also allow it to be distinctly understood that, for an hour before and an hour after his service, he is in the vestry, or in some room off the church, to give advice or instruction or help of any kind to those who would speak to him; and so soon as he has gained the confidence of persons by his mode of conducting the service, and by the few words he may say from time to time, he would find not only tens but hundreds of young men whom he might gather round him for good works of various kinds, and for their own mutual profit.

With them, if need be, he might make a raid upon the sin and misery, the ignorance, and the apathy of the parishes for which the new churches were to be built—of which more hereafter.

Of course all these services would not be conducted on one and the same plan. The Low Churchman, the High Churchman, the Broad Churchman, would each have his own way, and would gather round him his own special congregations, and he would also have his particular good works in which he would get his congregation to take part. One man might carry on a teetotal association

through and by means of his services, another night-refuge work, another the reclaiming of the fallen, and so on; and then, if need be, he might fairly shut up his church on Sundays, and take his holiday, or occupy his day in such way as he pleased.

And remember it is not alone the orthodox, or those who might be called the religiously disposed, that would value these services. There is a religious sentiment which has to be satisfied totally apart from all questions of dogma. There is a rest to the spirit that is to be gained where others are praying, even by those who do not pray.

One who well knew boy-nature spoke of the advantage of the services in Eton Chapel, when describing the assembling of the boys, in these words:—

They come from field, and wharf, and street,
With dewy hair and veined throat;
One floor to tread with reverent feet—
One hour of rest for bat and boat.

It was simply the rest that he valued in a quiet place, quite independently of the prayers and the aspirations which might be offered there; and this I believe to be most true to nature. I know that the services at St. Ethelburga's were often the greatest refreshment to a wearied brain, and that one who turns with disgust from the ordinary Sunday services was often glad of the ten minutes or twenty minutes spent there.

Again, why should not the parson, when he has once gathered his congregation round him, put his church at their disposal? We often see abroad, in southern Germany for instance, a congregation without a priest, led perhaps by the village schoolmaster, or some other acting as representative, reciting their own litanies, singing their own hymns, as though no priest were wanted to come between man and his God. Why, if the city incumbent does not always choose to leave his pleasant home in the suburbs to come and look after those few sheep in the wilderness of London, might he not at least allow the sheep to bleat within the enclosure?

It has been said, "Keep, then, the churches in the great thoroughfare, and let us destroy the little out-of-the-way churches which no one can use." Not so, say I; these are just among the places which are most precious. Open them as homes of quiet prayer and retirement; hang up in them a few good pictures; let an organist, a volunteer it may be, play

some quiet and lovely music for an hour; give the tired a corner in which they may rest; give, again, the young man who wishes to devote himself to some religious work and life, but who has not as yet the courage to turn into the church in the great thoroughfare—give him, I say, a chance of strengthening himself in his convictions in the secluded church.

It may be urged that, in the strain and stress of London life, no one would have time to attend such services. Quite the contrary. Almost every one engaged in business in the city takes a full hour in the middle of the day, of which little more than a quarter is occupied in the necessary meal. This enormous population is composed mainly of young men. It is essential to them that the hour be taken in full, partly as a rest to themselves, and partly because they would not feel it fair to their companions to give up freely time, which, if they did not take it, might afterwards be demanded from them and their fellows.

Now how is a young man who wants perhaps a light dinner, despatched in less than half an hour, to employ the rest of his time? This might be to many the opportunity of instilling those religious principles which the clergy wish to instil, and which, so brought about, would be far more real than any which are induced by the stereotyped services of the Sunday, when in fact the young men of whom I am thinking would do far better to escape, if they could, into pure country air, and listen to the song of the birds, and see the springing of the grass, rather than be shut up in a church for two long hours.

The great Metropolitan Cathedral ought of course to lead the way. At present, in spite of some indications to the contrary, it is far from meeting the needs of the city. The deadly shade of canonical hours is over the whole thing; the services are too long, and at times when they are not really useful for the class for whom I am now speaking. By all means keep these, if any one likes them; but what is the use of a dean, four canons, and minor canons, if they cannot keep up a series of services all the year, and generally without sermons at the hours at which these might really be useful?

Stroll into St. Paul's on a week-day, between twelve and two, except during Lent, and note the crowds who enter and retire, treble or quadruple the number that enter during any other time, and ask what is the good of the cathedral to all these. If, indeed, the central dome is

wanted for mere sight-seers, by all means keep it free, but have such a service as that of which I spoke in a side aisle, or in one of the numerous chapels which at present serve no purpose whatever. Let the organ play during these hours. I know that there are difficulties. So long as the canons and minor canons have other work than that of the cathedral, so long as the organist is a music-master, and is not obliged to give his whole time and attention to his cathedral, so long as the organ is a thing sacred and apart, to be touched only by the fingers of its legitimate master, there will be difficulties. But they are not insuperable.

At the service at St. Ethelburga's of which I spoke, the whole cost of the services was defrayed by the voluntary offerings of the people. I see no reason why all such services, except perhaps at the cathedral, should not be defrayed by voluntary offerings; the mere halfpence which I verily believe would be saved from dinner beer would amply provide a whole staff.

But even now I have not exhausted the arguments in favor of the retention of city churches. If the Church of England is indeed unable to use these edifices, do not pull them down in a dog-in-the-manger spirit until you have at least offered them to other denominations. If there be churches which the Establishment will not use, offer them to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—offer them, if you will, to Mr. Spurgeon, or to Mr. Baldwin Brown. At least let them, if they please, see what they can do for the masses.

I said that the argument for the demolition of the churches broke down at every point. I know none at which it so breaks down as the providing what is called additional accommodation for the suburbs. What is wanted there is not so much the multiplication of buildings as the multiplication of services. The same sort of argument which pleads for the retention of many places in the city where the population is enormous, and yet no one has time to go more than a very short distance from his house of business, applies conversely to the multiplication of services in one large building in the suburbs, where every one has time to go some distance from home, where large buildings are wanted, and yet not services all at the same time or of the same length. I fully believe that in Hoxton, or Shore-ditch, or Brixton, more good would be done by one central church, with a staff

of ten clergy who would have short hearty services at every hour through the day, than by any ten scattered churches each with its incumbent and curate, and with its whole apparatus of the ordinary morning and evening prayer.

Believe me, I would say to bishop and clergy, I feel earnestly and even passionately on this subject. I who speak to you am not one who takes in any degree the views that you do on these subjects. I, who am not a believer in your sense, am pleading with you, who are, for what ought to be more to you than to me. Surely the London clergy should not allow it to be said that one who has deliberately abandoned the faith they hold, should be more earnest to see their churches filled, more anxious that they should do their work in the world, than they are themselves, who are officially bound to do it, and, we may charitably hope, are inclined as well as bound.

If my plan really were carried out, the influence on society would be considerable. It would make men more thoughtful, more earnest, more inquiring, more religious than they are now; and when that is once done, I care little what particular development their opinions may take. They may or may not come through orthodoxy to the position I now hold. I know not, and I care not; but what I do care about is to see opportunities for quiet rest, refreshment, thought, provided in the midst of this bustling town. I do wish to see those who are professors of a great and august religion, the priests of a grand historic Church, at all events make an effort after real life before they die, if die they must, and attempt at least to cope with the apathy, the indifference, and the vice of the largest population in the world, instead of saying what is absolutely untrue, that they must needs pull down their churches because the population has left them. C. KEGAN PAUL.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE PILLAR OF PRAISE.

A THANKFUL heart as heart of man could be
Had William, Earl of Roslyn, Lord St. Claire,
When having long been tossed by land and sea
And proved of wandering days the foul and

fair,
He, breathing deep his Scotland's homely

air,
Oft gave it back again in praise and prayer:
Praise for that cup of life he held fulfilled,—
Prayer, seeing that so full, it could be spilled.

No princelier pair held sway beneath the throne
 Than this same Earl of Roslyn and his mate ;
 The daily largess doled from royal Scone
 Was poor to that which flowed from Roslyn
 gate.
 As man and earl this lord was threefold
 great, —
 Great heart he had, great stature, and es-
 tate ;
 And Roslyn's lady though of beauty rare
 Was called of men "the good" and not "the
 fair."

And sweetly in the mellow eventide
 From lordly cares and lordly state unbent,
 These lovers on the terrace side by side
 Were wont to hold discourse of their con-
 tent ;
 Or else, their married hearts more wholly
 blent,
 Would pause from talk with smiling faces
 leant
 Above the babe who took his fearless rest,
 In comfort of his mother's heaving breast.

And so it fell that once, the day being done,
 Resting in freedom of the summer air,
 They of the golden setting of the sun
 And silvery voice of Esk, were hardly 'ware ;
 Nor heeded, if they heard from their repair,
 The quintaine strokes delivered to the share
 Of youthful pages, laughed at by the grooms,
 Or babble of the ladies at their looms.

The sky was clear as any chrysolite,
 And near the moon's keen edge, looked
 down and smiled
 The evening star, that knows no goodlier sight
 Than such a man and woman, and their
 child.
 Let blaring heralds tell how he was styled, —
 As day wore on to night through evening
 mild,
 He was her William, she his Margery,
 With Oliver, their infant, on her knee.

And on this eve that was so soft and fair
 He spoke, as if to ease his joy's excess,
 And said : " This life is sweet beyond compare,
 With Christ, his law in place of heathen-
 esse,
 With true heart's love for wandering loneli-
 ness,
 With friends to cherish, and the poor to
 bless ;
 The day is fair and full, too short the night
 For sleep that falleth soft on love's delight.

" My heart that for such wealth is all too
 straight
 Must overflow ; and truly as a mere
 Makes fat its borders, doth our high estate
 Give fruit of our great joy to all a-near ;
 But so joy changeth, passeth, as the year,
 Till of the heaven it showed us nought
 appear ;
 I would that blessing it might flow forever
 Renewed and still abiding, as a river !

" And this because I hold that joy which springs
 From true life lived, and love thus truly loved,
 Hath might that not belongs to mortal things
 To lift the heart to God ; which hath been
 proved
 Of languid souls that deeds of grace have
 moved,
 And some reclaimed of love who once had
 roved.
 So in this faith I fain would build, dear wife,
 A monument to joy of love and life ;

" That when our mortal house so frail and fair
 With windows of the sense which open wide
 And let in various light and spices rare —
 All sweets which are of mother earth the
 pride —
 Hath fallen back to dust, and side by side
 Our bones are laid, that men can say ' they
 died, —
 The thoughts which moved us may appear alive
 As now in fourteen hundred forty-five."

So spoke the earl outpouring of his heart
 The overplus, the which his gentle dame
 Cherished as it had been the dearest part
 Of hers ; as oft she pondered on the same,
 Their blending thought, of life took form
 and frame,
 And, as it saw the day, they gave it name,
 And said : " The joy too great for us alone,
 Shall blossom to all after time in stone ;

" We twain will build a house to God, and
 shrine
 For Mother Mary ; first to God our King,
 Who is our life, and then for her, in sign
 That she for us hath travailed sorrowing,
 And felt the burthen of that ' holy thing '
 That for our sore can sole salvation bring :
 The love that feeds on sacrifice, and dies
 That we, partaking too, may also rise."

And hereupon these lovers who before
 Had cheer so great between them, straight-
 way drew
 A draught of joy so deep, their lips ran o'er
 In happy song, since nothing less would do ;
 The ladies at their looms rose up, and threw
 Their shuttles by, and sung rejoicing too,
 While squire and page, with one sad wounded
 knight,
 Shouted incontinent for hearts' delight.

Then wheresoe'er this earl had seen a thing,
 In countries far or near, whose goodness
 Had wrought on fancy so that it would bring
 It back to him unasked, he did address
 Princes or burghers of that place, express
 To send him craftsmen, skilful more or less ;
 But fashioned all in habitudes of truth
 Whereto such sights had lessoned them in
 youth.

So came the Esk to sing its wayward song
 To ears whose cradle-tune had been the beat
 Of ocean waves, or river voices, — strong
 To bind the world with music as they greet

Strange lands with mother-tongue, — or else
the sweet

Lisp of the blue mid-sea; but though men
meet

Here first from north and south to ply their art,
One only mind informs each several part.

It is Earl William's love that warms the stone,
His joy that sings in it, his praise that seems
To mount the shafts like sap, and break full
blown

From out their crowns; his generous heart
that teems

With life which, flowing forth in sunny
streams,

Wakes all who know to feel from sickly
dreams,

Or thoughts fantastical, to understand,
Love, use the good that springs beneath the
hand.

For this each fellow-creature of the field,
Pleasant, or garden, thistle, kale, or vine,
Each humblest life-companion, had to yield
Service of homely beauty, and combine
As best it might, to make complete the sign
Whereto this house was builded, and this
shrine :

To wit, that in these happy morning days
Man's daily life seemed good enough for praise.

Before the leaves were sere the house was
planned,

Before they fell to earth the grave was made
Wherein the lord and lady of the land
Beheld the stones deep-rooted and inlaid,
As seed whose bed we hollow by the spade
Or ere the bower can comfort us with shade ;
Then waited, longing for their sacred grove
To rise and stand forth vocal with their love.

That day was one to live in thought alone
Whereon the lord and lady standing by
The master-builder, saw him break the stone
First into leaf. A downward look and shy
That builder had,—some said an "evil eye ;"
But answering to his call, forever nigh,
Bound by that crooked gaze, a Highland boy
Wrought, singing as the robin sings, for joy.

The soul of things is strong, as is well shown :
The hissep finds firm foothold in the wall ;
A seedling's heaving heart hath moved a stone,
Bare rock maintains the stately pines and
tall ;

All life is other than the crumbs that fall
To feed it ; so this 'prentice lad withal
Lived, labored, flourished in the builder's sight,
As blithe as honey-bees in summer light.

The Countess Margaret early left her bed
One mid-September morn, and from her
bower

Noting the gaze unwinking, and the head
Uplifted to the sun, of that proud flower
Which bears his name, she in that dewy
hour

Called forth her train from turret and from
tower,

And took her children and the sunflower too,
And forth the gate they went in order due.

The earl was on a journey, and his dame
Must holy keep for both the holy day ;
And for their house of God bore Matthew's
name,

They went on Matthew's festival to pay
Him thanks with psalmody and garlands gay,
With songs of happy heart, and bright array ;
And when the wreaths were laid, and service
done,

They sparkled out again into the sun,

And made a goodly crescent as they stood
And gazed upon the roof now rising high,
And saw and said that all was fair and good,
Yet spoke in reverent undertones and shy,
For sight was none beneath that morning sky
Serenely fair as Countess Margery,
When the white signal of her jewelled hand
Summoned the master-builder to command.

Her gown was all of baudekyn, the weft
Of golden and the woof of silken thread,
And sewn it was with pearls wherever cleft,
And diapered with roses white and red ;
The golden sun played with her hair out-
spread,

A golden chaplet bound her golden head,
And if in heraldry this triple use
Be counted false, here beauty made excuse.

The air was soft as summer's breath might be ;
As for St. Agnes' Day the finches sung ;
The lady wore alone her coat-hardie,
Whereto her little three-years maiden clung ;
While high above the crisped head and
young

Of Oliver the whilome baby, hung
The drooping sunflower withering in the blaze
It might no longer meet with fearless gaze.

The builder bent before that lady bright
His dark Italian face and crooked eyes,
As they were overborne of too much light,
Or to such height of splendor dared not rise ;
And gathering up her words in humble wise
Seemed in the dust to lay his low replies :
" This flower I bring to grace St. Matthew's
Day ;

Let it be carved in stone for him, I pray."

Quoth Countess Margaret : " Set it then on
high

In midst of the midmost buttress there,
Where it will burn forever in the eye
Of day, and its undying love declare."
On which the master-builder turned to where
His workmen stood, and eagerly, or ere
His lips had stirred, a youth sprung forth alone,
Within his hands a chisel and a stone.

And kneeling down before them in that place,
This lusty stripling laid about him so
That scarce you might discern his hands or face,
For dust and splinters that at every blow
Went whirling round about him high and low ;
Whereof one chip, as 't were to work him woe,
Flew up and struck the master standing by,—
And struck him in the sinister dark eye.

No blood was drawn, and little scathe was done;

The 'prentice, all unwitting in his cloud
Of fiery motes that figured in the sun,
Rung out his hammer music low or loud.

But when his work was finished, and the crowd
Of gentle faces all above it bowed
Looked up at him, that evil eye askance
Had seemed to pierce him like a poisoned lance.

One sudden gasp as he had met his death
The 'prentice gave, and for a little space
The light was quenched for him, and stopped his breath;

But light and breath came back to him apace,
And life and health new flushing in his face,
He saw his fault and prayed the master's grace,

Then laid his carving at the lady's feet,
But at her bidding spared to make retreat.

As mountain streams that flow through peaty sod

That Highland laddie's eyes were clear and brown,

And bright as chestnuts fresh from out the pod
His hair that stood on end like thistle-down,
Or dandelion in its starry crown;
And well set up, well clad and eke well grown,
And full of life he was as birds that preen
Their new-come feathers on the April green.

The countess was of what was done full fain,
And from the neck of happy Oliver
She with her white hand loosed the silver chain,
And gave it with the silver Christofre
To him whose cunning had so pleased her;
Then asked his name, and hearing "Christopher"

She smiled withal, then turned in high content,
And so to Roslyn Castle home they went.

And never from this time that noble dame
Or any of her ladies came him near,
But they would say "Good den" to him by name,

And ask him of his work or of his cheer;
But sometimes though their words were sweet and clear,

Like hourly chimes they fell beside his ear
Unnoted; so his heart was hotly set
Upon the stone it was his work to fret.

And often as Earl William would bestow
A look upon those pinnacles on high,
Crowning the buttress shafts, five of a row,
That 'prentice Christopher he would descry
Perched up aloft against the windy sky,
As small, and eke as fearless as a fly;
Then laughing he would swear: "By sword and fire,
That 'prentice lad had made a trusty squire!"

Old years brought in the new, and with each round

The bounteous earth Earl William found so fair,

And vowed to leave still fairer than he found,
Showed some new token of the love he bare,—

Some gift to sight which poorer men might share;

For this, O earth, lie light on Lord St. Claire!

And when his work was ended out of door,
Quoth he: "Within we'll better do, and more."

And richer than the rich he said must be
The Lady chapel, as the heart of all;
So bade the master-builder, Nicoli,

To trace him out each feature great and small,

Each architrave, each niche within the wall,
Each cantilever, moulding, tooth, or ball;
And pausing oft to make his judgment good,
He had the doubtful detail carved in wood.

And each tall arch which spanned that chapel fair

Had buds upon it like a branch in spring,
And all about, beside it, everywhere,
The breaking waves of life kept gathering,
Till flowering fancies seemed to climb and cling,

And stone to blossom like a growing thing;
While all sweet benedictions from the dome
Dropped thick as virgin honey from the comb.

When of three mighty pillars that upbore
These blooming arches, twain in crown'd pride

Were so complete that hand could do no more,
Earl William called the master to his side;
He praised his craft, and what it signified:
"This basket-work, so interlaced and tried,
Means toil ingenious,—all this fine pierie,
The riches of the land and of the sea.

"And truly I of such would freely give;
But on this shaft that stands uncarven here,
The tribute must be other; as I live
I hold that life is of all things most dear;
A humble weed—the outcast of the year—
Is more than purest gem to God a-near;
So carve me still the signs of some new birth
Fresh from the deep, rejoicing heart of earth."

The 'prentice Christopher who wrought on high
In earshot of the earl, now held his hand
And gathered in those words at ear and eye;
So, leaning forward from his giddy stand,
They seem to call on him with high command;

To fire his blood as with a burning brand;
And this albeit they flowed in gentle stream
Bearing as if the fragments of a dream:

"'Twas somewhere in the land of Italy
That once meseems I saw a thing most fair,
Which now in twilight dim of memory
I try to steady where it floats in air:
A column wreathed about with garlands rare,
Which feigned to be in parts compact with

care,
And held in thongs of ivy or of vine,
Which made them more effectively combine.

"Each several rib was planted in its place,
As all we know of life has root in soil
Of humble earth, and carven round its base
Dark creeping things were made to writhe
and coil, —

Foul dragons for the nobler will to foil;
While sweetly, as the crown of knightly toil,
The capital broke forth in floral mirth
And laughed as at the triumph of the earth.

"And here where stands this formless block of
stone,

I would that such a history were told;
The story of a life, — not mine alone, —
A tale of human progress manifold;
Of chosen bonds that keep our powers controlled,
Fast bonds which break in blessing where
they hold;

Go, seek that pillar, work this work of grace,
And I will make my Bethel of this place."

So said the earl; and now that Nicoli
Is gone upon his bidding, high and low
He searches all the land of Italy,
And paces all its cities to and fro,
Praying its people and its monks to show
Their shrines, or tell of others they may
know;

And still he peers about with gaze oblique
And nothing finds of what he came to seek.

But otherwise it fared with Christopher;
For him Earl William's words were sparks
of fire,
Which lit up fragments whence he could infer
A perfect whole. That night o'er brake
and briar

He chased the vision, coming ever nigher;
He hunted it with passionate desire
To have it 'neath his shaping hand, his own,
And goodlier than in dream it had been shown.

And from this time that 'prentice lad could find
No mirth in laughter, and no woman fair;
Nor bending bonnetless against the wind
Knew that the tooth of March made keen
the air;

But of the waking time of night grew 'ware,
And early song of birds upon the bare
Boughs of the thorn, all calling on his name.
And telling of achievement crowned with fame.

And through the day, whatever work his hand
Was set to, still that pillar waxed more
clear

To inward vision, as he saw it stand
In stony patience waiting ever near,
In perfect beauty moving white and sheer
Upon his path, a thing of joy and fear;
So, overcome of it, when day grew dim
He tried to put the vision forth of him.

He drew it if to peace he might attain, —
Transfixed it to the wall; all night he
wrought,
The moon attending him; nor wrought in vain;
The 'prentice-hand which thus in twilight
fought

Compelled the flashes of his feverish thought
To guide its motions, wavering and half-
taught,
Till, paling with the moon, he knew that still
He held it fast, subservient to his will.

And so he "laid" the spectral thought, and
slept
Dreamless, to wake at morn and find it
there;

But from his mind, the work of some adept
Unknown, the same pale column grown more
fair

Arose and stood beside it, everywhere
His eye might turn; and voices filled the air:
"Make fast in clay the thing you would pos-
sess
More wholly, and more utterly express."

Then who that wooed a princess in the dark
So secret was as Christopher, or blest,
Who, joyous and aspiring as a lark,
And silent as an owl on midnight quest,
Waked with the stars while meaner things
had rest,
And in the fervor of young love caressed
The fair idea, that trembling to the birth
Thrilled to his touch from out th'encumbent
earth.

The castle stood forsaken of the great;
The better chance for Edinboro' town,
Whereto the princely rout had gone in state
Which eighty torches — flaming pennons
blown

Upon the winds of March — had fitly shown;
And ever Nicoli went up and down
Italian plains and cities, still pursuing
What Christopher had won with faithful woo-
ing.

What, having won, he worshipped as he stood
Before it in the dawn, at noon, at night,
With praises that to him it had been good,
With thanks for what it yielded of delight,
And seeing it so fair, unmeetly dight
In humble clay, he vowed he would requite
The favors that his lowly love had known,
And robe it for the Virgin's shrine in stone.

And, for his heart was eager and unspent,
He, waking, gave up all his nights to love,
And rising with the rising moon, he went
As silently by silent copse and grove,
And came unto the silent church, and hove
His slender body with his hands, and clove
A passage for it through the timbers closed
To guard the windows while the works re-
posed.

And as he woke the echoes of the place
And saw his pillar sheeted all in white,
A bat, moon-blinded, struck him in the face,
And, faintly shrieking, wheeled into the
night;
Then he, with sanction of the fair moon-
light,
Was left alone to keep his heart's troth-
plight;

And, seeing that the wounds of love are sore,—
That striking deeper, love still woundeth
more,—

He knelt as to a maid, with fluttering breath,
And felt an awful presence stir the air,—
The soul of love that is at one with death;
Till, urged by passion that will greatly dare,
He laid his 'prentice hand upon the fair
Unstoried smoothness of the column there,
And fell to breaking it in leaf and flower,—
Fair forms the stone is bearing to this hour.

Then warily, at peep of day, he stole
Forth from the church, and, watchful eye
and ear,
Met the lank fox returning to his hole,
And from the shivering grasses of the mere
Heard the night-wandering moor-hen's cry
of fear,

And lurking in the mantling ivy near
His lowly door, escaped the noisy raid
Of out or home bound milkers, man and maid.

And mounting straightway to his loft, he crept
Noiseless to bed, where, far into the day,
Oblivious of his nightly toil, he slept.
But ere moist April melted into May,
When silent in the sun the village lay,
Its busy hands in far-off fields away,
He—bold with custom—took his rest by
night,

And wrought rejoicing in the full daylight.

Rejoicing, as the strong man in his strength;
Rejoicing, as the happier birds that skim
The clouds, or as the hare that lays his length
Low to the ground his haunches spurn from
him;

Rejoicing as the lissome fish that swim
Or leap from out the stream in wilder whim;
For of all things that knew the prick and stir
Of life, the most alive was Christopher.

So much alive at whiles, that he would deem
His glowing touches had the gift to bring
Forth motion answering to a call supreme,
When in his veins the passion of the spring
Poured out unmeasured on the stony thing
He seemed to feel it malleable, and cling,
Lend, yield itself to him as in a kiss,
Of utter love, and all-transfusing bliss.

Betwixt them, then, a miracle was done:
A simple truth, conceived in sheer delight,
Had shaped itself anew beneath the sun,
And he who shaped it knew that never quite
Henceforth his name would perish in the
night

Of time, but live, a witness, in the sight
Of men, that once a man had felt the touch
Of beauty for his soul's peace overmuch.

And wandering by the Esk at eventide
Its flattering voice grew voluble, and told
Of joys upon the way to him, untried,
Mysterious as the stars, and manifold;
Of youthful hope, new-blown and over-bold,
And coming fame,—no cold complaisance
doled

From grudging lips, but a quick kindly spark
To show him to his brethren in the dark.

And when the flower was forming in the wheat,
When birds had ceased to chaunt their ten-
der pain,

The drowsy days, so silent and replete,
Still summoned Christopher to rest in vain;
He touched his finished work and touched
again,

For very love his hand could not refrain,
While ever in his heart some great or small
Love-gift he found to dower it withal.

Till on a day—O fair the summer sun
That lit the leafy crown and bands of vine—
He looked on it and knew the goal was won;
Full-plenished as the season, every line
Distinct and perfect in the broad sunshine,
He saw the loveliness he must resign
Fulfilled, o'erflowing with his ardent youth,
And clasping it he wept for joy and ruth.

A cordial touch, a hand upon his hand,
And Christopher looks up, to see the eyes
Of him who is the lord of all the land
Fast fixed upon his work, in such a wise
As one who in a desert finds a prize
May look in dumb amaze, and feel it rise
In estimation, till his joy breaks forth
In sudden proclamation of its worth.

So to the ear of Christopher there came,
Fresh as the opening anthem of the spring,
The sweet upheaving of the breath of fame,
Which seemed to sweep the universe, and
bring

A sound as from forgotten worlds, to ring
A moment ere it past, on some tense string
Of awakened memory, then go before
To wreck its music on some unknown shore.

But ere it past, it swept aside the veil
Which winds all human hearts as in a shroud,
And from these twin broke forth the rare
"All hail!"

Of human brotherhood, the unavowed
Desire of every soul of man, how proud
Soever cold, or heedless of the crowd;
"For," said the earl, "your heart my heart
bespeaketh,

Telleth the good it knows, and that it seeketh;

"Showeth how light from soul to soul is
caught,

My soul the torch to that fair lamp of thine,
Which flourishing upon my flickering thought,
And finding of its hint the countersign,
We know not what of this is yours, what
mine,

But know some vital part of both will shine
Together through the years, and save from
scorn

Of life, perchance, less affluent souls unborn.

"For we who glory in our life to-day
Are haply children of a world still young;
Not long our native thought hath found a way
Of rhythmic utterance in our native tongue;
The life we live is that our Chaucer sung;
To moodier music may all harps be strung
Hereafter, when the old earth's sinking fire
Moves fainter hearts of men to faint desire;

"Then may two souls that thus can love and praise,

As jewels with the stored-up light replete
Of younger suns, flash back on elder days
From out this 'pillar of a stone,' and greet
Some who may languish still, with hearts
that beat

Too swift a measure for an age effete,
And help to keener vision, stronger hold
On life, those younglings of a world too old.

"I see that of such words of life as trees,
And humbler herbs of garden, hill, or heath,
Our dearest as our dayliest you seize
For signs of the unspeakable beneath;
I find my yew-bough blown as by the breath
Of morning from our Pentlands, in this
wreath,—

My yew whose long-enduring soul will last
To bind the coming seasons with the past.

"So have you taken of our common speech
And made it rare again; your keener light
Of poet-vision hath sufficed to reach
Its hidden heart, whose scriptures you indite
Anew for denser hearing, feeblér sight,
Both dulled by custom; may my heart re-
quite

Your heart for that it hath so nobly done:
The work wherein our souls must live as one."

Then 'prentice Christopher is left alone,
Alone with present joy and joy to be,
Bidden to wait his lord who now is gone
To bring the countess and her train to see
His wonder-work, he wondering if a fee
More sweet than new-found immortality
May fall to him from fair eyes skilled to read
In power of high achievement, deeper need;

If haply to the hollow of his heart,
Aching in silence of the toil foregone,
A presence more prevailing than of art
Should enter in and mount the vacant
throne,
Thrilling the void with tumult all its own
Till grief should swoon for sweetness of its
moan,

Fate weave a garment for his proud despair
Too knightly for a villain hope to wear;

If haply from that far-off milky way
Of noble maidens tending on his queen
One brightest star should shoot on him a ray,
Crown him as man and maker in her sheen,—
He so uplift of art's high toil and teen,
That no sweet condescendence could de-
mean

The gentle soul, which shining in its place
Should find, reach, touch him once in scorn of
space—

A moving shadow creeping black and fell,
And lo! the master-builder at his side;
Pale cheek and lip with the white hate of hell,
One shrunken eye fixed, feigning to deride
The work whose mastery his own defied,
The other on the youth whose wealth sup-
plied

His want, who had achieved this living whole,
While up and down in thievish search he stole.

Dear God! that shadow quenched so the light,
The 'prentice looked upon his work dis-
mayed;

On leaf and flower had come a sickening blight,
He saw each fault accused, each beauty fade,
He saw his thought, his fair ideal betrayed
To common shame. "Can love so far
degrade

The well-beloved!" He said no more aloud,
But trembling at the pillar's foot he bowed

One soul-sick moment; then within the stone
There seemed to vibrate sweetly, tenderly,
An answering voice: "The love,—not thine
alone,—

But that which dwelleth in all things which
be,
Suffereth no shame, young Christopher, of
thee,

Thus adding to the signs whereby men see
Forever, that no force within, above,
Below, can call to life, but only love."

A swift keen stroke, a messenger of peace,
To still the beating heart and throbbing
head;

Blind envy serves the order of release
Ere yet a leaf of life's young rose is shed.
His first work finished, and his last word said,
Healed of all sickness, Christopher falls
dead,

Pierced through the back by that yet deedless
hand

That now forever with his blood is banned.

Dead in the summer-time, dead ere the noon,
Dead with the cup of life full at his lip,
Dead as the weeping ladies moaned too soon,
Dead ere the critic's scorn had time to nip
His venturous offshoots, while he felt the
grip

Warm on his hand of true heart-fellowship,—
Dead early, late to live in tender ruth,
A fair fame shadowless, embalmed in youth.

Base hand whose cunning but avails to deal
Forth death; hard hand that hath the skill
to break

But not to build; that hast the art to steal
Yet never may possess what it may take;
Hand that can mar what only God can make,
Deadly, but dropping life-blood on your
wake,—

Go, leave your work half done, its final term
And triumph can be reached but by the worm.

Still as the noon-day, as the noon-day fair,
Pale as the stone whereto his soul was wed,
The living light at play within his hair,
His eyes wide open, to its glories dead;
With carven face uplifted from a bed
Of costlier dye than Tyrian,—the red
Stream of his ebbing blood,—thus Christopher
Waited the coming train, the joyous stir

Of life, the advent at the open door
Of that gay throng betwixt whose lips the
sweet

Warm breath of praise was gathering, to pour
Forth thriftless in a storm of cries, and beat
Vainly each empty cave and vacant seat
Of sense which from its haunts had made
retreat,

Leaving all dumb to question as some lone
Shore to the waves' unanswerable moan.

Rain, rain on him those quick tempestuous
tears,

Proud damozel, kneel, crown him with a
kiss ;

Death at a stroke wins that which lifelong
years

Had craved in vain ; he would have died for
this.

O heart of man ! Is it not well to miss
The waking time that waits all dreams of
bliss,

Nor — seen the harsh conditions of the strife —
Play to the end the losing game of life ?

Were it not well if April souls could fling

A husk away for growth too obdurate,

For joy too dull, and in eternal spring

Unfold new life forever state on state,

Mounting in swift ascent to morning's gate,

Unknowing of that curse of time : "Too
late" ?

If any grace like this be held in fee,

Such grace is owned, young Christopher, of
thee !

No eye had seen the builder come or go ;

His secret lay betwixt him and the sun,

Where never seed of life for him would grow

For shadow of it ; all his work begun

Rotted and fell to dust again undone,

Whilst among men he crept as he were
none ;

Most strange and most aloof from those most
near,

But hated with the adder-hate of fear.

So came Earl William's work of praise to
cease ;

Its cost had been too great in blood and
tears ;

And though the seasons brought their fair in-
crease,

Though married love struck deeper root
with years,

And stronger for that doom of love which
seres

His blossoms ere his seeded fruit appears, —

He drew his life within in later days

As outworn singers chants their virelays.

That house of God which was to music built

Of hearts in full accord, — so, dedicate

To love, — was shaken by that deed of guilt,

Torn by the blast of that discordant hate ;

But music still prevailed, when in the late

Evening of life, the founder and his mate

Were here inearthed, and Oliver, their son,

Finished for love what love had left undone.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

From The Saturday Review.
INTERFERENCE.

THERE is no domestic or social habit — or vice, as some regard it — that incurs more odium, considering what the offender's intentions generally are, than what is variously called interference or meddling. Men differ naturally and blamelessly in the way in which their minds receive the business and the scenes which pass around them. It is natural to some tempers to view things external to themselves as mere pictures — moving panoramas, in which their concern is only as lookers-on ; and it is equally natural to others to feel a certain connection and relationship with everything with which their senses come in contact. The fact that they see and hear a thing involves a certain share in the action. The man asks himself, Have I anything to do here ? and if things strike him as going wrong, or in what he thinks not the best way, again he inquires of himself, Can I set it right ? Now this impulse is what brings about the temptation to interfere and meddle. It belongs to the busy and sanguine as opposed to the placid, resigned, fatalist temperament, that thinks only ; that can observe, and let alone ; that either takes little notice of things outside its immediate duties or interests, or, noticing them, recognizes no work or duty as consequent on its observation. These tempers have each their merits and defects. The defects of the interfering temper are palpable enough. They are among the irritants of society. The most generous, merely gratuitous, interference gets little thanks. Nobody can interfere in a matter in which he has no personal interest, and therefore no obvious right to interpose — nobody can thrust himself forward in a matter of nicety where he has no direct business — without incurring more blame and ill-will than praise or thanks. If benevolence in the busy form does not bring its own reward it brings no other. There is always somebody to take offence who would rather run the chances incurred by his own unrestrained action than be benefited by a meddling go-between. Few persons are dispassionate enough to respect the impulse in another which sets him tampering with their liberty of action, advising or meddling irrespectively of their inclination, habits, and will. The rights of men are more dear to them than any benefit to be gained by disregarding or trampling upon them. Yet the interfering temper, when allowed its free exercise, thinks little of

this. However much it desires the goodwill of others, there is a self-reliance fostered by indulgence which turns the attention entirely away from misgiving and self-questioning. It proves its popularity to its own satisfaction by a tacit syllogism. Men love their benefactors; I am a benefactor; therefore men love me. A thoroughly genial busybody will go on through life irritating all the human nature it comes across, practically unconscious of giving offence, and never taking a lesson from failure.

In treating this subject the pen insensibly slips through the various declensions from the original amiable impulse—from interference to meddling, from meddling to the busybody. Yet it is a truism to say that interference is often a duty. It depends on the intellect and the moral nature of the active temperament whether we call its action legitimate interference or impertinent meddling. Both start from the same native bias; but this is dignified into high utility, or dwarfed into the troublesome and contemptible, by the purity or pettiness of intention, and the degree of judgment and self-restraint exercised. It is where interference becomes a blind habit that it descends in the scale. Society offers abundant warnings in this matter to those who are open to receive them. People must be of a tough, insensible nature indeed to persevere in this form of intrusion against the coldness and the snubs of their equals; but the fact that we are not all equals still leaves room for its unhealthy growth. It is this that constitutes one of the perils of benevolence, technically so called, to those who devote themselves to good works. Men cannot dedicate themselves to the business of benefiting their neighbors without some risk to themselves. Undue interference is one of these risks. Kind-hearted and benevolent women have often been charged with meddling and exceeding their rights, and have had gradually to retreat from the attitude of dictators in the matter of dress and household economics before the growing independence of the classes once called "lower," who reject the patronage of their good-will at the price they set upon it of submission to their authority; the fact that the well-meaning ladies believe themselves to know better not constituting this legitimate authority. This, however, is an instance of the more excusable form of the failing, one often unduly charged, indeed,

on persons engaged in an arduous, self-denying, and thankless work. The misleading consciousness of good intention is the bane of the busy temper in more important cases than the indiscretions of district visitors. Men who follow its lead are not commonly held in check by severe self-study; intent on benefiting their neighbors by enforcing their own opinions and practices upon them, they are apt to take their own motives for granted. There may be unconscious injustices and infusions of personal feeling that are never guessed by the mind absorbed in setting other people to rights, and alive only to the weight of its own counsels and the importance of things being carried out according to its notions of fitness. This is the state of mind that makes a man meddle in what does not concern him. It has grown upon him by indulgence, till he regards the living world around him as a theatre for the display of his own sense, discernment, conscience, and activity. In everything outside himself that admits of interference he sees a call to interfere. A sense of power, of a wider range of observation, of a deeper insight and finer tact, grows upon him, and with this a contempt for the capacity of others, till there is nothing that is right, nothing but admits of improvement and remodelling from his hand; till there is no sanctuary of private opinion or practice that must not be invaded; no pleasure or taste that must not be touched up, heightened, and have a character given to it, by some infusion of his personality.

Of course all interference implies the assumption of authority in some form or other. This of itself tells nothing against it. All depends upon the truth and fairness of the assumption. Relationship, friendship, a sense of justice, age, experience, knowledge—all constitute a right to interfere, given the fit occasion; all confer authority. Urgency gives a right to intermeddle apart from all these; only the urgency must be real, the occasion important enough, and the impulse stirred by the occasion, not by a bustling habit. The great question with men is this of authority. The first inquiry is not as to the value of the action or suggestion, but as to the right to enforce it. An acknowledged authority may interfere in a very harsh manner, and yet excite less irritation than words that can only assert themselves pragmatically as the sentence of a superior judgment. And

authority itself may dictate on supreme questions, though it is rebelled against in trifles which seem the inalienable right of the individual. Horace Walpole observes upon this in reporting events at Madrid, where, after a series of assassinations, an edict had been issued commanding that hats should be cocked, cloaks shortened, and capes laid aside. An insurrection was the consequence of this interference with costume. "A nation that has borne the Inquisition cannot support a cocked hat!"

On this subject Barrow delivered himself with characteristic point. Meddling was a topic of his day. He enlarges on it, not only as it concerned public matters, but as it touched the liberty of the individual, on which he expresses himself with a sensitiveness which suggests an aggrieved personal experience. "Every man hath," he says, "a particular gust for diet, for garb, for diversements and disports arising from particular complexion and other unaccountable causes; and fit it is that he should satisfy it; it is enough that what he doth seemeth good and relisheth to himself." There was probably less interference then with the ways and manners of private life than society exercises now, either as a whole or through its more busy members. It was a more impertinent proceeding to come between a man and his honor. Certainly, humorists are a diminishing class. These "gusts" of which the preacher speaks are nipped in their development through some form of interference or other. As for the question generally, he allows that there are legitimate occasions for meddling with our neighbor's liberty. We may interfere in his blind career of ruin or grievous mischief. "If he hath not his wits about him we may supply him with ours in such exigencies" — a way of putting the case, we may observe, that leaves a great deal to the judgment of the man who throws himself into the breach; as it is the nature of this temperament to be always seeing exigencies, and feeling an imperious call to "thrust eyes, tongue, and hand into his neighbor's business, prying into that which is done, dictating this or that course, usurping a jurisdiction." The moralist raises quite a hurly-burly of words round the busybody — the meddler in other men's matters, the raiser of combustions; his turbulency, irregularity, disorder, pragmatical curiosity, and exorbitancy; contrasting, in a fine simile, these disturbing qualities with the majes-

tic calm of the quiet temper. This quiet is not "a total forbearance from action, not a fastidious, drowsy listlessness, not a senseless indifference concerning the matters of others, but such a motion as the heavenly bodies do keep, which so move as they seem ever to stand still, and never disturb one another." After all, the question must be left to individual conscience and judgment, in each case which seems to bring with it a call to interpose between a man and his own modes of conducting his affairs. The busy temper cannot and need not wholly suppress itself, but these hints at exorbitancy in the mode may serve as a wholesome check.

A great deal of the outcry against meddling comes from persons who most need some interference with the swing of their course of action. How violently indignant, for instance, are young people when engaged in a course of excitement or dissipation, or any career of passion or self-will, at a word or hint of interference; how jealous of the mere suspicion of it; how insolent in thought, and often in word and act, against the offender! In all headlong doings of any kind and at any age there is the same resentment at any sense of external check, and this probably in every case because there is an enemy in the garrison which responds to the attack from without. There are two classes of mind that are patient of interference — those of the equable, yielding order, who have no passion for their own way, who can look at both sides of a question, who are not carried away, who can deliberate if liberty of action remains to them, who can submit to external pressure as a thing to be, when powerless to resist it; and those who are so strong in their own judgment and intention, so confident in their ability to carry their conclusions out, that they are not afraid of it. In fact, some opposition is welcome to such minds, as making them feel their strength and imparting a sense of power. They can accept even unjustifiable intervention from other people, as feeling that no external influence can have weight or force beyond what they choose to give it. All angry feeling against interference is the result of weakness of some sort, — weakness of position and of circumstances (a case which excites sympathy), rendering the victims of meddling no longer masters of their own affairs; or weakness of moral ground, the weakness of a mind not in harmony with itself.